

Vol. I.

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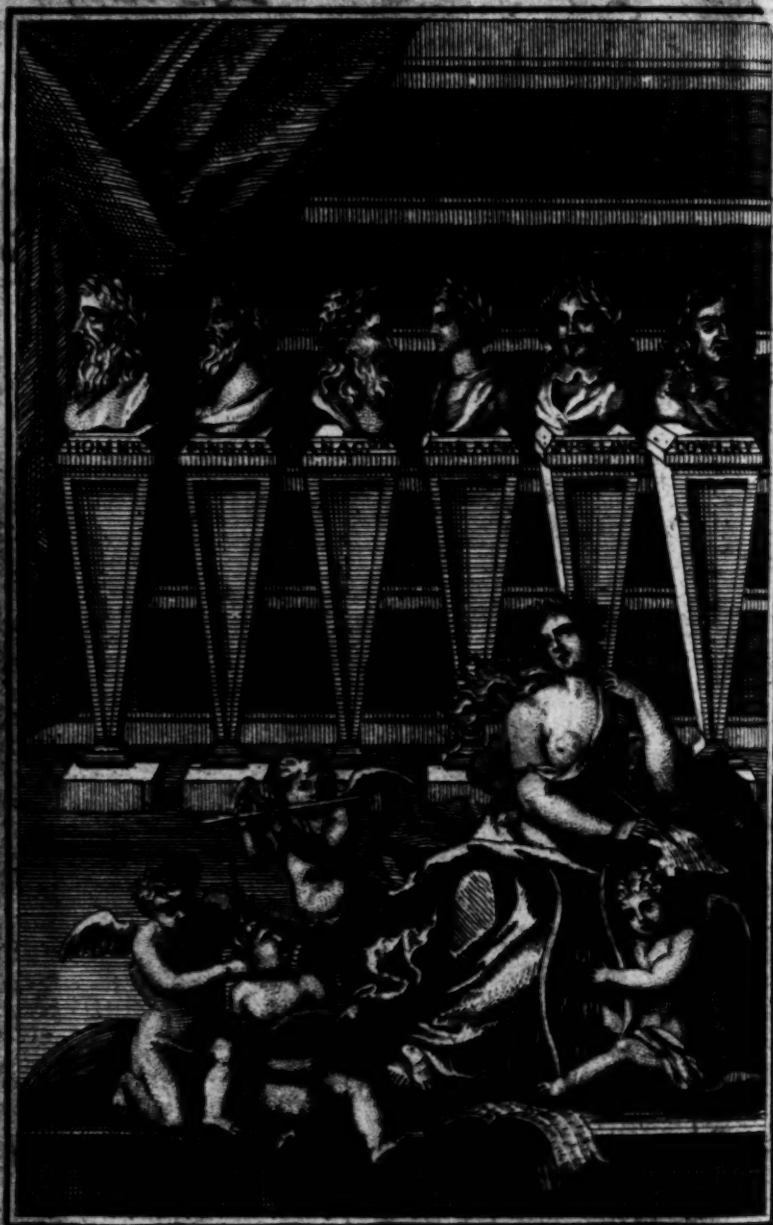
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COLLECTION

OF OLD

BALLADS.

Corrected from the best and most
Ancient COPIES Extant.

WITH

INTRODUCTIONS

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,
OR HUMOROUS.

Illustrated with COPPER PLATES.

*Let no nice Sir despise the hapless Dame,
Because Recording BALLADS chaunt her Name.
Those Venerable Ancient Song-Enditers
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers.
With rough Majestick Force they mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made amends for Art.*

ROWE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane; D. Leach,
in Black and White-Court in the Old Bailey; and
J. Battely, at the Dove in Pater-Noster-Row.
M DCC XXVII.

COLLECTION

OF OLD

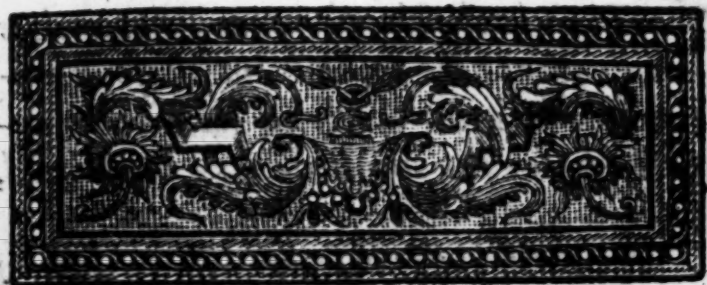
BALEADS



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THE PREFACE.



HERE is not a more ungrateful Tribute anywhere paid, than what is generally expected by the Publick, from an Author in his Preface. Something he must say, tho' he cannot say any Thing to the Purpose; and a half Sheet of Paper at least must be taken up, with pointing

ing out the Beauties of his Book, and begging the courteous Reader not to damn it: Tho' probably the poor Writer does not know where to find out these Beauties, or has not the least Reason to expect, but what his Book will be damn'd.

The fulsome Praises which a Modern Author is often obliged to bestow in a Dedication, must certainly be very grating to a generous Soul; but then the Hopes of being well paid for his Pains, is some Ease to his Conscience: But to court and flatter every Reader — and not have a Farthing the more for one's Trouble — is hard, is unconscionable.

As for my Part, I have not been accustomed to servile Fawning and begging the Question; and am fully determin'd not to begin now. I would always put my self upon the Level with a Reader, and think my self under no manner of Obligation: I have his Money, and he has my Works; and I am sure he may keep the one in his Study, much longer than I shall the other in my Pocket. If
there

there be any Beauties in the Book, 'tis certainly his Business to find them out; and if there be'n't — why, he can't say I cheated him: I never pretended to give him any thing more than an old Song.

But as the greatest Part of this Book is not my own, and several things in it, written Ages ago, I may, I hope, without either Vanity or Offence, enter upon the Praises of Ballads, and shew their Antiquity.

I would not be thought to ridicule any thing in Sacred Writ, and will therefore pass over in Silence, what I might say of the Times of Moses, Jephthah and David, and go directly amongst the Pagans. And here the very Prince of Poets, old Homer, if we may trust ancient Records, was nothing more than a blind Ballad-singer, who writ Songs of the Siege of Troy, and the Adventures of Ulysses; and playing the Tunes upon his Harp, sung 'em from Door to Door; — till at his Death somebody thought fit to collect all his Ballads, and by a little con-

necting 'em, gave us the Iliad and Odysses, which since that Time have been so much admired. And in those very Days, if we may trust the succeeding Poets, no Entertainment was thought compleat, unless whilst the Company was carouzing there was a Harper in the Room singing old Songs; at least written upon old Subjects. Thus we find Virgil in the Account he gives of Dido's treating Æneas,

———— Citharâ crinitus Iopas
 Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas
 Hic canit.

And this the Archbishop of Cambray has imitated, when he makes Calypso entertain Telemachus and Mentor in the Grotto. His Words are these.

“ At the same time were brought in
 “ Baskets, all sorts of Fruits promised
 “ by the Spring, and ripened by the
 “ Autumn. And then Four youthful
 “ Nymphs began to sing. At first
 “ they sung, *the Combat of the Gods*
 “ *against*

against the Giants ; then the Amours of Jupiter and Semele ; the Birth of Bacchus, and old Silenus's Care in educating him ; Hippomenes and Atalanta's Race ; she who was vanquish'd by the enticing Hue of Apples from the Hesperian Garden cull'd. And last the Trojan War was also sung ; Ulysses's Fights and Counsels rais'd to Heaven : The chief of all the Nymphs, Leucothoe, to those melodious Voices join'd the Sweetness of her Lute.

*It would be endless, to prove that the several Poets whose Bustos I have put in my Frontispiece, were Ballad-Writers: For what else can we make of Pindar's Lyrics? Anacreon would never sit down contented without his Bottle and his Song. Horace could drop the Praises of Augustus and Mæcenæ, to sing the Adventures of his Journey to Brundisium, and the * Baulk he met with from a*

* Book I. Satyr 5.

Servant Wench in a Country Alehouse ; and this Song of his it was, which gave Occasion to a modern Ballad amongst us, called, The Coy Cook-maid. Cowley has left too many Works of this Kind to need quoting ; and Suckling's Wedding will never be forgot.

The Ballad-Makers are a more ancient, more numerous, and more noble Society than the boasted Free-Masons ; and Duke upon Duke will witness, that People of considerable Fashion have thought it no Disgrace to enroll themselves in this Worshipful Society.

Nor have these antique Songs ever been without their Admirers. When Thebes was sack'd, Pindar was spar'd for the Sake of his Works ; and Alexander wept, to think his Age did not afford so clever a Ballad-finger as Homer had been, to record his Actions to Posterity.

It was the Custom of these Song-Editors thus to transmit to their Children the glorious Actions which happen'd in their

use ; their Days. And I believe it never was
gave used more than amongst the English in
ongst Times of old. For we may very reaso-
Cov- nably suppose, that one half at least of
Kind their Works are lost ; and we have still
Wed- one half of whatever is remarkable in
History, handed down to us in Ballads.

an- The Use of these Songs too is very
oble great. I have known Children, who
ns ; never would have learn'd to read, had
bat they not took a Delight in poring over
ave Jane Shore, or Fair Rosamond ; and
em- several fine Historians are indebted to
Historical Ballads for all their Learning.
For had not Curiosity, and a Desire of
ver comparing these Poetical Works with an-
ben cient Records, first incited them to it,
r'd they never would have given themselves
an- the Trouble of diving into History : And
ord in this I have endeavoured to make our
ad old Songs still more useful, by the Intro-
y. ductions which I have prefix'd to 'em ;
and in which is pointed out what is Fact
n- and what Fiction. The Encouragement
ren which my Design has met, especially from
in People of the best Taste, has induced me
eir to

to make a Second Collection, in which are contained a considerable Number of Ballads more ancient and upon far older Subjects than the Generality of these, and from the Pains I have taken not only with the Introductions, but also to recover the best and oldest Copies extant I dare promise to my self they will prove a grateful Entertainment to the curious Reader.

In the former Impression there were some few Errors in Spite of all the Care that could be taken, particularly in the Epitaph of Rosamond. These I have carefully corrected; but notwithstanding this, there may be some still remaining: If there be, I dare say they are very few, and for that Reason very excusable.

Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis. —

As for those who are offended at a Letter misplaced, or an inverted Comma, let them remember, that every Man has Faults enow of his own to answer for; and that I am in no wise accountable for the Errors of a Printer.

A T A



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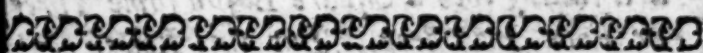
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A
COLLECTION
OF OLD
BALLADS.



I. *The Unfortunate Concubine; or,
Rosamond's Overthrow.*

occasion'd by her Brother's unadvisedly praising
her Beauty to Two young Knights of *Salisbury*,
as they rid on the Road.

To the Tune of *The Court Lady.*

*Rosamond the Daughter of Walter Lord
Clifford, was, as the Writers of that Age
assure us, a young Lady of infinite Beauty;
on the bare Report of which, King Henry
the Second fell in Love with her, and having*

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de-

debauch'd her, built the famous Bower at
 Woodstock, to keep her out of the Reach of
 his jealous Queen Eleanor; of whom I shall,
 in one of my following Introductions, have
 Occasion to speak. 'Tis but a few Tears
 since there were some Remains of this Bower
 to be seen, hard by that Noble Palace of
 the late Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim-
 Castle; and in one of the adjacent Meads
 they still shew us Rosamond's Pond, where
 (they say) she was wont to bathe her self.
 However, this is a Point (if I may dwell on
 such a Trifle) scarce to be believed, unless
 she made use of Cold Baths; for the Wa-
 ters are some of the coldest I ever felt; issuing
 directly out of a Rock, or flinty Mountain,
 and falling into a Square Bason some Three,
 or Four Foot deep. But this Bower could
 not secure fair Rosamond from the Pur-
 suits of the jealous Queen, who even in this
 Place found the Means of compassing her End.
 For King Henry the III^d, who by his Fa-
 ther's Indulgences had been crown'd in his
 Life-time, rebell'd in Normandy; and the
 Queen persuaded Two more of her Sons to
 joyn their Brother, which they did; and Hen-
 ry II. was obliged to cross the Seas, to quell
 the rebellious Princes. During this Time,
 the Queen, (who resided at the Royal Palace
 in Oxford) undertook to see Rosamond;
 which she effected, not by murdering the
 Guards of the Bower, and being then gui-
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ded into it by a Clue of Thread, as has erroneously been believ'd ; but by a subterraneous Way, digg'd from Godstow Nunnery to Woodstock Bower, tho' Five Miles distant from each other, and carried even under the Isis, a navigable River. The Plot of Mr. Addison's Opera on this Subject, is generally believ'd a Poetical Fiction ; because he does not kill Rosamond, but supposes her to be carry'd away to the Nunnery alive : However, I believe, he hath better Authority for this, than most People have for affirming that the Queen poison'd her, and that she dy'd on the Spot. Certain it is, she did not live long, at least not in the Bower, after this Visit ; for, dead or alive, she was brought by the same subterraneous Passage into the Nunnery, the Entrance of which is still to be seen amongst its Ruins. The Walls of the Chapel Choir (where she lies interr'd) are standing : Her Grave is mark'd round with a narrow Ridge of Stone, and on the Wall is writ,

Hic jacet in Tumbâ, Rosa Mundi non Rosa
Munda

Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

And several of the Letters having (thro' Injury of Time) been defaced, have lately been repair'd. This Lady had Two Sons by the King : The Eldest, William, marry'd the Daughter and sole Heiress of the Earl

of Salisbury, the other, Geoffrey, was
first made Bishop of Lincoln, afterwards
Archbishop of York; and died in Banish-
ment during the Reign of his Brother, King
John.



WEET, youthful, charming La-
dies fair,
Fram'd of the purest Mold,
With rosy Cheeks, and filken Hair,
Which shine like Threads of
Gold:

Soft Tears of Pity here bestow
On the unhappy Fate
Of *Rosamond*, who long ago
Prov'd most unfortunate.

When as the Second *Henry* reign'd
On the Imperial Throne,
How he this beauteous Flower gain'd,
To you I shall make known:
With all the Circumstances too
Which did her life attend;
How first she into Favour grew,
And of her fatal End,

As Three young Knights of *Salisbury*
Were riding on the Way,
One boasted of a fair Lady,
Within her Bow'r so gay:
I have a Sister, *Clifford* swears,
But few Men do her know;
Upon her face the Skin appears
Like Drops of Blood on Snow:

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My Sister's Locks of curled Hair
 Outshine the golden Ore ;
 Her Skin for Whiteness may compare
 With the fine Lilly Flow'r :
 Her Breasts are lovely to behold,
 Like to the driven Snow :
 I would not, for her Weight in Gold,
 King *Henry* should her know.

King *Henry* had a Bower near
 Where they were riding by,
 And he did *Clifford* over-hear :
 Thought he immediately,
 Tho' I her Brother shou'd offend
 For that fair White and Red ;
 For her I am resolv'd to send,
 To grace my Royal Bed.

The King, who was of high Renown,
 Wou'd not his Fancy pall ;
 For having writ his Pleasure down,
 He did young *Clifford* call ;
 Come here to me now out of hand,
 Come hither unto me ;
 I am the King of fair *England* :
 My Messenger thou'lt be :

I to your Sister here have writ
 Three Letters seal'd with Gold ;
 No Messenger I think so fit
 As you : Therefore, behold,
 Convey them to her Hand with speed ;
 Make not the least delay :
 My Will and Pleasure let her read,
 And my Commands obey.

Young *Clifford* then the Letters took
 From *Henry's* Royal Hand,
 Tho' with a melancholly Look,
 And mounted out of hand :

Soft Tears bedimn'd his noble Sight,
 His griev'd Heart was sad;
 Altho' he was as brave a Knight
 As any *Henry* had.

With that this noble Knight of Fame
 Rid on without delay,
 Until he to the Bower came,
 Which was both rich and gay:
 She cry'd, when he knock'd at the Ring,
 Who raps so fierce and bold?
 Sister, I've brought you from the King
 Three Letters seal'd with Gold.

Then with her Fingers, long and small,
 She broke the Scals of Gold;
 And as she did to reading fall
 At first, you might behold
 The Smiles of pleasant sweet Delight,
 As if well satisfy'd;
 But e're she had concluded quite,
 She wrung her Hands, and cry'd:

Why did you boast beyond your Bounds,
 When *Oxford* you did see?
 You might have talk'd of Hawks and Hounds,
 And never bragg'd of me.
 When by the King I am defil'd,
 My Father's Griefs begin;
 He'll have no Comfort of his Child,
 Nor come to my Wedding.

Go fetch me down my Planet-Book
 Straight from my private Room;
 For in the same I mean to look,
 What is decreed my Doom.
 The Planet-Book to her they brought,
 And laid it on her Knee;
 She found that all would come to nought,
 For poison'd she should be.

I curse

curse you, Brother, then she cry'd,
 Who caus'd my Destiny ;
 might have been some Lord's fair Bride,
 But you have ruin'd me.
 With that, she call'd her waiting-Maid,
 To bring her Riding Weed ;
 And to her Groom she likewise said,
 Saddle my milk-white Steed.

Some ride before her, to report
 Her coming to the King ;
 As she approach'd the Royal Court,
 Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.
 A Garland o're her Head they bore,
 To magnify her Charms ;
 And as she came the King before,
 He clasp'd her in his Arms.

With Blushes then she did beseech
 The King on her bare Knee ;
 Her Words were these, I pray my Liege,
 What is your Will with me ?
 Said he, I sent for thee, my *Rose*,
 To grace my Royal Bed :
 Now, as he did his Mind disclose,
 She blush'd Scarlet red.

Blush not, my fairest *Rosamond* ;
 Fear no disastrous Fate ;
 For, by my Kingly Pow'r I can
 Place thee in happy State :
 No Lady in this Court of mine
 Can purchase thy Desert ;
 Whose pleasant Looks, and Charms divine,
 Have won my Royal Heart.

The Gifts and Presents of a King,
 Soon caus'd her to comply ;
 Thinking there was not any Thing
 Like Royal Dignity.

But as her bright and golden Scene
In Court began to shine,
The News was carry'd to the Queen
Of this new Concubine ;

At which she was enraged so
With Malice in her Breast,
That till she wrought her Overthrow,
She could not be at Rest.
She felt the Fury of the Queen,
E're she had flourish'd long ;
And dy'd, just as she had foreseen,
By Force of Poison strong.

The angry Queen with Malice fraught,
Cou'd not her self contain,
Till the fair *Rosamond* had brought
To her sad fatal Bane.
The sweet and charming precious *Rose*,
King *Henry's* chief Delight !
The Queen she to the Bower goes,
And wrought her hateful Spight :

But when she to the Bower came,
Where Lady *Clifford* lay,
Enraged *Ellinor* by Name
She could not find the Way :
Until the silken Clue of Thread
Became a fatal Guide
Unto the Queen who laid her dead,
E're she was satisfy'd.

Alas ! it was no small Surprize
To *Rosamond* the fair :
When Death appear'd before her Eyes,
No faithful Friend was there,
Who could stand up in her Defence,
To put the Potion by ;
So, by the Hands of Violence,
Compell'd she was to dye.

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O most renowned, gracious Queen,
 Compassion take of me ;
 I wish that I had never seen
 Such Royal Dignity.
 Betray'd I was, and by degrees
 A sad Consent I gave ;
 And now upon my bended Knees,
 I do your Pardon crave.

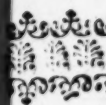
I will not pardon you, she cry'd ;
 So take this fatal Cup :
 And you may well be satisfy'd,
 I'll see you drink it up.
 Then, with her fair and milk-white Hand,
 The fatal Cup she took ;
 Which being drank, she could not stand,
 But soon the World forsook.

Now when the King was well inform'd
 What *Ellinor* had done,
 His Breast he smote, in wrath he storm'd,
 As if he would have run
 Besides his Senses ; and he swore,
 For this inhuman Deed,
 He never would bed with her more ;
 His Royal Heart did bleed.

The King did not stand pausing long,
 How to reward her Spleen ;
 But straight in a close Prison strong
 He cast his cruel Queen :
 Where she lay Six and twenty Years,
 A long Captivity,
 Bathed in Floods of weeping Tears,
 Till his Death set her free.

Now when her Son he did succeed ;
 His Father, Great *Henry* ;
 His Royal Mother soon he freed :
 From her Captivity :

And she set many more at large,
Who long for Debt had lain;
Her Royal Pity did discharge
Thousands in *Richard's* Reign.



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II. A Lamentable Ballad of Fair *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the Second's Concubine.

The following Song is much older than the former; and therefore I should rather have chosen to have begun my Collection with this, had not the Order of History (for it begins with a much earlier Account of *Rosamond*) requir'd the other to be plac'd first. I have nothing to add by way of Preface here, save that having taken the Liberty to contradict the Truth of several Facts, I must (to the Honour of our Ballads) say, that Mr. Addison (than whom no one could be suppos'd to be better acquainted with History) seems in his Opera of *Rosamond*, to have as much Regard to the Authority of these Old Songs, as to that of the best Historians.

When as King *Henry* rul'd this Land,
The Second of that Name,
Besides the Queen, he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely Dame.

Most

Most peerless was her Beauty found,
 Her Favour, and her Face ;
 A sweeter Creature in this World
 Could never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks, like Threads of Gold,
 Appear'd to each Man's Sight ;
 Her sparkling Eyes, like Orient Pearls,
 Did cast a heavenly Light :
 The Blood within her crystal Cheeks
 Did such a Colour drive,
 As tho' the Lilly and the Rose
 For Mastership did strive.

Yea, *Rosamond*, fair *Rosamond*,
 Her Name was called so,
 To whom our Queen, Dame *Ellinor*,
 Was known a deadly Foe.
 The King therefore, for her Defence,
 Against the furious Queen,
 Did such a Bow'r at *Woodstock* build,
 The like was never seen.

Most curiously that Bow'r was built
 Of Stone and Timber strong,
 An Hundred and fifty Doors
 Did to this Bow'r belong ;
 And they so cunningly contriv'd
 With turning round about,
 That none but with a Clue of Thread,
 Could enter in or out,

And for his Love and Lady's Sake,
 That was so fair and bright,
 The keeping of this Bow'r he gave
 Unto a valiant Knight.
 But Fortune, that doth often frown
 Where she before did smile,
 The King's Delight, the Lady's Joy,
 Full soon she did beguile.

For

For why, the King's ungracious Son,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his Father raised Wars
 Within the Realm of *France*.
 But yet before our gracious King;
 The *English* Land forsook,
 Of *Rosamond*, his Lady fair,
 His Farewel thus he took:

My *Rosamond*, my only *Rose*,
 That pleasest best mine Eye;
 The fairest Flow'r in all the Word,
 To feed my Fantasy:
 The Flow'r of my affected Heart,
 Whose Sweetness doth excel:
 My Royal *Rose* a Thousand times
 I bid thee now Farewell:

For I must leave my fairest Flow'r,
 My sweetest *Rose*, a space,
 And cross the Seas to famous *France*,
 Proud Rebels to abase.
 But yet, my *Rose*, be sure thou shalt
 My Coming shortly see;
 And in my Heart, when hence I am,
 I'll bear my *Rose* with me.

When *Rosamond*, that Lady bright,
 Did hear the King say so,
 The Sorrow of her grieved Heart
 Her outward Looks did show;
 And from her clear and crystal Eyes
 The 'Tears gush'd out apace,
 Which like the silver-pearled Dew,
 Ran down her comely Face.

Her Lips, like to the Coral red,
 Did wax both wan and pale,
 And for the Sorrow she conceiv'd,
 Her vital Spirits fail;

And

And falling down all in a Swoon
 Before King *Henry's* Face;
 Full oft he in his princely Arms
 Her Body did embrace;

And Twenty times, with wat'ry Eyes,
 He kiss'd her tender Cheek,
 Until he had reviv'd again
 Her Senses mild and meek:
 Why grieves my *Rose*, my sweetest *Rose*?
 The King did often say:
 Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars
 My Lord must pass away.

But since your Grace on foreign Coasts,
 Amongst your Foes unkind,
 Must go to hazard Life and Limb,
 Why should I stay behind?
 Nay rather, let me, like a Page,
 Thy Sword and Target bear;
 That on my Breast the Blows may light,
 Which would offend you there.

© let me, in your Royal Tent,
 Prepare your Bed at Night,
 And with sweet Baths refresh your Grace,
 At your Return from Fight.
 So I your Presence may enjoy,
 No Toil I will refuse;
 But wanting you, my Life is Death,
 Which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self, my dearest Love;
 Thy Rest at Home shall be,
 In *England's* sweet and pleasant Soil;
 For Travel fits not thee.
 Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars;
 Sweet Peace their Pleasures breed;
 The Nourisher of Hearts Content,
 Which Fancy first did feed.

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My *Rose* shall rest in *Woodstock* Bow'r,
 With Musick's sweet Delight;
 Whilst I amongst the piercing Pikes,
 Against my Foes do fight.
 My *Rose* in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
 With Di'monds richly dight,
 Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,
 Whilst I my Foes do smite.

And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust
 To be my Love's Defence;
 Be careful of my gallant *Rose*,
 When I am parted hence,
 And therewithal he fetch'd a Sigh,
 Astho' his Heart would break:
 And *Rosamond*, for very Grief,
 Not one plain Word could speak.

And at their Parting, well they might
 In Heart be grieved fore:
 After that Day, fair *Rosamond*
 The King did see no more.
 For when his Grace had pass'd the Seas,
 And into *France* was gone;
 With envious Heart, Queen *Ellinor*
 To *Woodstock* came anon:

And forth she calls this trusty Knight,
 In an unhappy Hour:
 Who with his Clue of twined Thread,
 Came from this famous Bow'r:
 And when that they had wounded him,
 The Queen this Thread did get,
 And went where Lady *Rosamond*
 Was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with steadfast Eye
 Beheld her beauteous Face,
 She was amazed in her Mind
 At her exceeding Grace.

Cast:

Cast off from thee those Robes, she said,
That rich and costly be;
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presently upon her Knees
Sweet *Rosamond* did fall;
And Pardon of the Queen she crav'd
For her Offences all.
Take pity on my youthful Years,
Fair *Rosamond* did cry;
And let me not with Poison strong
Enforced be to dye.

I will renounce my sinful Life,
And in some Cloyster bide;
Or else be banish'd, if you please,
To range the World so wide:
And for the Fault that I have done,
Tho' I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my Life, and punish me
As you think meet to do.

And with these Words, her Lilly Hands
She wrung full often there;
And down along her lovely Face
Did trickle many a Tear.
But nothing could this furious Queen
Therewith appeased be;
The Cup of deadly Poyson strong,
As she kneel'd on her Knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her Hand,
And from her bended Knee arose,
And on her Feet did stand:
And casting up her Eyes to Heav'n,
She did for Mercy call;
And drinking up the Poison strong,
Her Life she lost withal.

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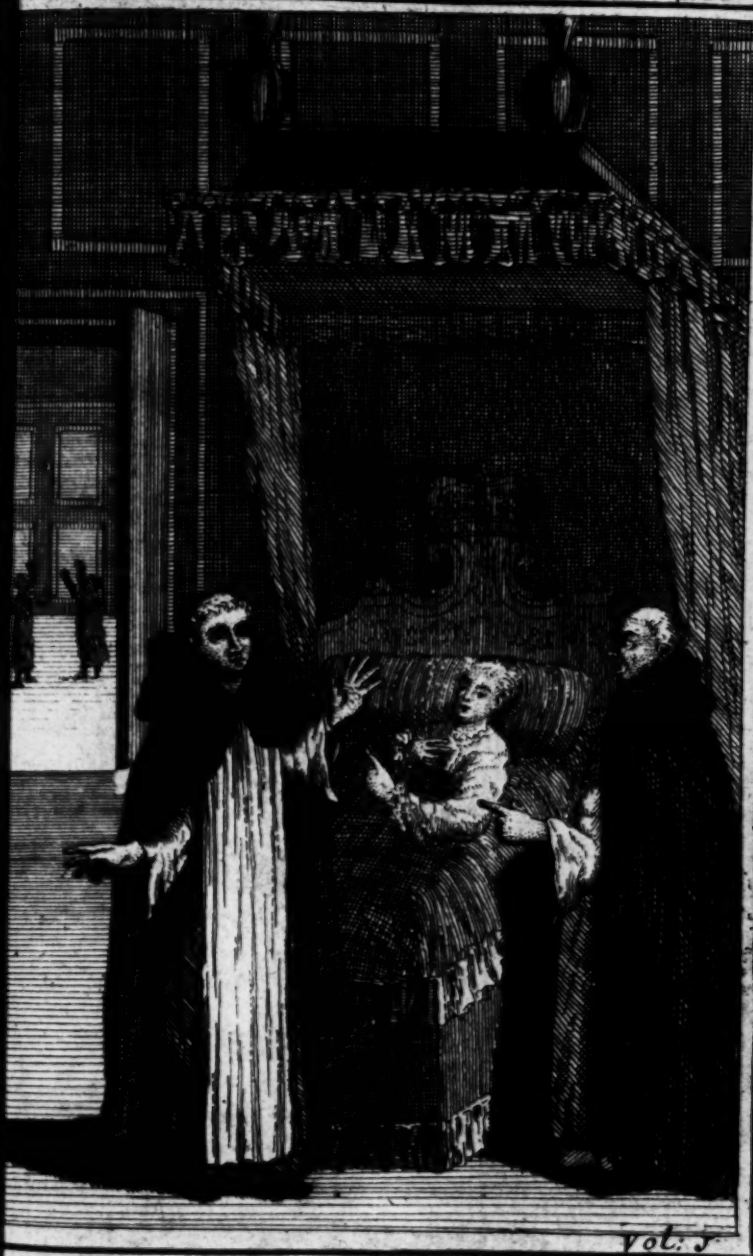
And when that Death thro' every Limb,
 Had show'd its greatest Spite,
 Her chiefeſt Poes did then confeſs
 She was a glorious Wight,
 Her Body then they did entomb,
 When Life was fled away,
 At *Godſtow*, near to *Oxford Town*,
 As may be ſeen this Day.



III. Queen

III. Queen *Eleanor's* Confession to
the Two supposed Fryars of *France*.

Eleanor, Daughter to William Duke of Guienne was, whilst very young, marry'd to Lewis the Vith of France; but behaved her self very indecently in the Marriage State: For following her Husband to the Holy War, she gave a Loose to her lustful Passions, and liv'd in a criminal manner with a Saracen, one Saladine by Name. King Lewis, for his own Sake, endeavour'd to conceal this Disgrace; and tho' she would willingly have stay'd behind with her uncircumcis'd Lover, yet did he bring her away with him to France, and there pretended a Scruple of Conscience, in that she was his Fourth Cousin: And a Council being assembled at Bauge, they granted him Letters of Divorce; but Lewis was obliged to restore her Dukedom to her. She was, after this, marry'd to Henry Duke of Angjou, Grandson to King Henry the First and who, after the Death of King Stephen, came to the English Crown. Most of our
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Historians will have it, that she led a very sober Life with this Second Husband. However, if we may give any Credit to the following Song, the Historians are palpably mistaken. The Jealousy of this Queen was exceeding great, as may be seen by her Behaviour towards Rosamond, and several others of King Henry's Concubines; for, in his Life-time, he had a great many; and this he might plead in his Excuse, that he was much younger than his Queen. There are some Things advanc'd in this old Ballad, which I must beg leave to contradict; particularly the Earl Marshal's having her Maidenhead: But this I take to be inserted, not as a direct Fact, but with regard to the loose Life she had led before she was married to King Henry.

Queen Eleanor was a sick Woman,
And afraid that she should dye;
Then she sent for Two Fryars of France,
To speak with her speedily.

The King call'd down his Nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
And sent away for Earl Marshal,
To speak with him speedily.

When that he came before the King,
He fell on his bended Knee;
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious King,
That you sent so hastily.

I'll pawn my Lands, the King then cry'd,
 My Sceptre and my Crown,
 That whatsoe're Queen *Eleanor* says,
 I will not write it down.

Do you put on a Fryar's Coat;
 And I'll put on another;
 And we will to Queen *Eleanor* go,
 Like Fryar and his Brother.

Thus both attired then they go;
 When they came to *Whiteball*,
 The Bells did ring, and the Choristers sing,
 And the Torchés did light them all.

When that they came before the Queen,
 They fell on their bended Knee;
 A Boon, a Boon, our gracious Queen,
 That you sent so hastily.

Are you Two Fryars of *France*, she said,
 As I suppose you be?
 But if you are Two *English* Fryars,
 Then hanged shall you be.

We are Two Fryars of *France*, they said,
 As you suppose we be;
 We have not been at any Mass
 Since we came from the Sea.

The first vile thing that e're I did
 I will to you unfold;
 Earl *Marshall* had my Maidenhead,
 Beneath this Cloth of Gold.

That's a vile Sin then said the King;
 God may forgive it thee:
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Marshall*;
 With a heavy Heart spoke he.

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The next vile thing that e're I did,
To you I'll not deny ;
I made a Box of Poyson strong,
To poison King *Henry*.

That's a vile Sin, then said the King ;
God may forgive it thee :
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Marshal* ;
And I wish it so may be.

The next vile Thing that e're I did,
To you I will discover ;
I poysoned fair *Rosamond*,
All in fair *Woodstock* Bow'r.

That's a vile Sin, then said the King ;
God may forgive it thee :
Amen, Amen, quoth Earl *Marshal* ;
And I wish it so may be.

Do you see yonder's little Boy,
A tossing of the Ball ?
That is Earl *Marshal*'s eldest Son,
I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonder's little Boy,
A catching of the Ball ?
That is King *Henry*'s Son, she said ;
I love him the worst of all.

His Head is like unto a Bull ;
His Nose is like a Boar :
No matter for that, King *Henry* cry'd,
I love him the better therefore.

The

The King pull'd off his Fryar's Coat,
 And appeared all in Red ;
 She shriek'd, she cry'd, and wrung her Hands,
 And said she was betray'd.

The King look'd over his Left Shoulder,
 And a grim Look looked he ;
 And said, Earl *Marshal*, but for my Oath,
 Or hanged should'st thou be.



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IV.

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IV. St. George and the Dragon.

Should think my Collection very imperfect, was this old Panegyrick upon our English Saint and Patron to be omitted. His Adventures were many and various, and even those variously related. Where-ever any Historical Circumstances are omitted, or thro' Length of Time, and the Error of Writers, are misrepresented; I shall endeavour to set them in the fairest Point of Light I possibly can. But in the Case of Saints, we must have recourse to Legends; and those, I must confess, are something out of my way. Beside, I should often be at a loss; for these Osio-Biographers differ sometimes; and as I look upon all Legends to be of equal Authority, I should not know which to give credit to. I cannot, however drop this Subject, without taking notice of that Noble Order of Knightbood, instituted to the Honour of this Saint by K. Edward the III^d; an Order which is so highly and justly esteemed abroad; which in all Ages since its Original has outshone all the other Orders in the World, and in which so many Foreign

reign Princes, Kings and Emperors, have
with Pride and Pleasure been install'd Knights
Companions.

WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his
Knights
Knowing how many Men have performed Fights
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot de Lake*,
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies
Sake
Read in old Stories, and there you shall see,
How *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon flee

St. George he was for England, *St. Dennis* was for
France
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Of ancient Monarchs it were too long to tell.
And likewise of *Romans*, how far they did excel
Hannibal and *Scipio* in many a Field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight;
Romulus and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd

St. George he was for England, &c.

Jephthah and *Gideon* they led their Men to fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put all to flight
Hercules his Labour was in the Vale of *Bass*,
And *Sampson* slew a Thousand with the Jawbone of

an Ass
And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the
Ground

But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound

St. George he was for England, &c.

Valen

Vol. I

Valentine and Orson they came of Pepin's Blood,
 Alfred and Aldricus they were brave Knights and
 good ;
 the Four Sons of Ammon, that fought with Char-
 lemain,
 Hugh de Bourdeaux, and Godfrey de Bulloign ;
 these were all French Knights, that Pagans did
 convert ;
 St. George, St. George, he pull'd out the Dra-
 gon's Heart.
 St. George he was for England, &c.

Henry the Fifth he conquered all France,
 quarter'd their Arms, his Honour to advance ;
 razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
 and he garnish'd his Head with a double Triple
 Crown ;
 he thumped the French, and after home he came ;
 St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon tame.

St. George he was for England, &c.

David, you know, lov'd Leeks and toasted Cheese,
 and Jason was the Man who brought home the
 golden Fleece ;
 and Patrick, you know, he was St. George's Boy,
 seven Years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
 away ;
 for which knavish Act a Slave he doth remain ;
 St. George, St. George, he hath the Dragon slain.

St. George he was for England, &c.

Merlin the Emperor in Iron Cage did crown,
 with his bloody Flags display'd before the Town,

Scanderberg magnanimous, *Mahomet's* Bashaws did
 Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead
 Old *William* so fam'd, the Conqueror was he call'd
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he hath the Dragon maul'd

St. George he was for England, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar* he came of *Persia's* Race,
 The Great *Mogul* with his Chest full of Cloves and Mace
 The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* did manfully bestride
 But these, with their Worthies Nine, *St. George* did deride
Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweden's* warlike King;
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he pull'd forth the Dragon's Sting

St. George he was for England, &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwallar* of *British* Blood do boast
 Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt, *St. George* shall rule the roast
Agamemnon and *Cleomedes*, and *Macedo* did Fears,
 But compared to our Champion, they are but meek
 Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their brandish'd Swords out-dress
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, met the Dragon, and thrust him thro' and thrust

St. George he was for England, &c.

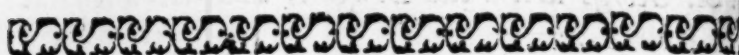
Bidia the *Amazon*, *Proteus* overthrew,
 As fierce as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Foe*
 The potent *Holofernes*, as he lay in his Bed,
 In came wise *Judith*, and subtl'y stole his Head

With *Jove* the *Cyclops* fought, altho' he show'r'd
 down Thunder ;
 St. George kill'd the Dragon, and was not that
 a Wonder ?
St. George he was for England, &c.

Mark Anthony, I'll warrant ye, play'd Feats with
Ægypt's Queen ;
Eglemore, that valiant Knight, the like was
 never seen ;
im Gorgon's Might was known in Fight ; old *Be-*
vis most Men frighted ;
the Mirmidons and *Prestor Johns* ; why were not
 these Men knighted ?
ave Spinola took in *Breda*, *Nissau* did it recover ;
 St. George, St. George, turn'd the Dragon over
 and over.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis
was for France ;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.





V. The SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF Christendom.

Being a Compendious History of their Lives
and Actions, &c.

To the Tune of *The Christian Warriors.*

In my former Argument, I refused to give the
History, or rather the Fable of St. George
but lest any of my Readers should be un-
acquainted with it, I have inserted the follow-
ing Ballad ; where they'll not only find the
History, but that of the other Six Cham-
pions of Christendom with it ; and the Ac-
count is, I believe, as authentick as any
have extant. The only Thing I have to ob-
ject to the Poet here, is his Partiality ; for
he has bestow'd Half the Song upon our En-
lish Hero, whilst the other Six have but
Half between them all.

NOW of the Seven Champions here,
My Purpose is to write ;
To shew how they with Sword and Spear
Put many Foes to flight :

Distre

Distressed Ladies to release,
 And Captives bound in Chains ;
 That Christian Glory to increase,
 Which evermore remains.

First, I give you to understand,
 That Great St. George by Name,
 Was the true Champion of our Land ;
 And of his Birth and Fame ;
 And of his Noble Mother's Dream,
 Before that he was born,
 The which to her did clearly seem
 Her Days would be forlorn.

This was her Dream ; That she did bear
 A Dragon in her Womb ;
 Which griev'd this Noble Lady fair,
 'cause Death must be her Doom.
 This Sorrow she could not conceal,
 So dismal was her Fear ;
 So that she did the same reveal
 Unto her Husband dear ;

Who went for to enquire straight
 Of an Inchantress ;
 When knocking at her Iron Gate,
 Her Answer it was this :
 The Lady shall bring forth a Son,
 ' By whom, in Tract of Time,
 Great Noble Actions shall be done ;
 ' He will to Honour climb :

For he shall be in Banners wore ;
 ' This Truth I will maintain :
 Your Lady she shall dye before
 ' You see her Face again.
 As Leave he took, and Home he went ;
 His Wife departed lay :
 At that which did his Grief augment,
 The Child was stole away.

Then did he travel in Despair,
 Where soon with Grief he dy'd ;
 While the young Child, his Son and Heir,
 Did constantly abide
 With the wise Lady of the Grove,
 In her enchanted Cell ;
 Amongst the Woods he oft did rove,
 His beauty pleas'd her well.

Blinded with Love, she did impart,
 Upon a certain Day,
 To him her cunning Magick Art,
 And where Six Champions lay,
 Within a brazen Castle strong,
 By an enchanted Sleep :
 And where they had continued long ;
 She did the Castle keep.

She taught and shew'd him ev'ry Thing,
 Thro' being free and fond ;
 Which did her fatal Ruin bring ;
 For with a Silver Wand,
 He clos'd her up into a Rock,
 By giving one small Stroke ;
 So took possession of her Stock,
 And the Inchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed
 From their enchanted State,
 Each mounted on his prancing Steed,
 And took to Travel strait ;
 Where we will leave them to pursue
 Kind Fortune's Favours still,
 To treat of our own Champion, who
 Did Courts with Wonders fill :

For as he came to understand,
 At an old Hermit's Cell,
 How in the vast *Egyptian* Land,
 A Dragon, fierce and fell,

Thre

Threatend the Ruin of them all
 By his devouring Jaws ;
 His Sword releas'd them from that Thrall,
 And soon remov'd the Cause.

This dreadful Dragon must destroy
 A Virgin ev'ry Day ;
 Or else with Stinks he'll them annoy,
 And many Thousands slay.
 At length, the King's own Daughter dear,
 For whom the Court did mourn,
 Was brought to be devour'd here ;
 For she must take her Turn.

The King, by Proclamation, said,
 If any hardy Knight
 Could free this fair young Royal Maid,
 And slay the Dragon quite ;
 Then should he have her for his Bride,
 And (after Death likewise
 His Crown and Kingdom too beside :
 St. George he won the Prize.

When many hardy Strokes he'd dealt,
 And could not pierce his Hide,
 He run his Sword up to the Hilt,
 In at the Dragon's Side ;
 By which he did his Life destroy,
 Which cheer'd the drooping King ;
 This caus'd an universal Joy,
 Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.

The Daughter of a King, for Pride
 Transform'd into a Tree
 Of Mulberries, which Dennis spy'd ;
 And being hungry,

Of that fair Fruit he eat a Part,
 And was transform'd likewise
 Into the Fashion of a Hart,
 For Seven Years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the Loss
 Of manly Shape ; then goes
 To him his true and trusty Horse,
 And brings a blushing Rose,
 By which the Magick Spell was broke,
 And both were fairly freed
 From the enchanted heavy Yoke :
 They then in Love agreed.

Now we come to St. *James* of *Spain*,
 Who slew a mighty Boar,
 In hopes that he might honour gain ;
 But he must die therefore :
 Who was allow'd his Death to chuse,
 Which was by Virgins Darts ;
 But they the same did all refuse,
 So tender were their Hearts.

The King's Daughter at length by Lot,
 Was doom'd to work his Woe,
 From her fair Hands, a fatal Shot
 Out of a golden Bow,
 Must put a Period to the Strife ;
 At which, Grief did her seize ;
 She of her Father begg'd his Life,
 Upon her bended Knees ;

Saying, My gracious Sovereign Lord,
 And honour'd Father dear,
 He well deserves a large Reward ;
 Then be not so severe :
 Give me his Life. He grants the Boon ;
 And then without Delay,
 This *Spanish* Champion, e're 'twas Noon,
 Rid with her quite away.

No

Now come we to St. *Anthony*,
 A Man with Valour fraught,
 The Champion of fair *Italy*,
 Who many Wonders wrought ;
 First he a mighty Giant slew,
 The Terror of Mankind:
 Young Ladies fair, pure Virgins too,
 This Giant kept confin'd

Within his Castle-Walls of Stone,
 And Gates of solid Brass ;
 Where Seven Ladies made their Moan,
 But out they could not pass.
 Many brave Lords, and Knights likewise,
 To free them did engage ;
 Who fell a bleeding Sacrifice
 To this fierce Giant's Rage.

Four Daughters to a Royal King!
 Yet Fortune, after all,
 Had our renowned Champion bring;
 To free them from their Thrall:
 Histed by the Hand of Heav'n,
 He ventur'd Life and Limb ;
 Behold the fairest of the Sev'n,
 She fell in Love with him.

That Champion good, bold St. *Andrew*,
 The famous *Scottish* Knight,
 Mark gloomy Desarts travell'd through,
 Where *Phæ'us* gave no Light ;
 Haunted with Spirits, for a while
 His weary Course he steers ;
 Till Fortune bless'd him with a Smile,
 And shook off all his Fears.

This Christian Champion travell'd long,
 Till at the length he came
 Unto the Giant's Castle strong,
 Great *Blanderon* by Name :
 Where the King's Daughters were transform'd
 Into the Shape of Swans ;
 Tho' them he freed, their Father storm'd,
 But he his Malice shuns :

For tho' Five Hundred armed Knights
 Did straight beset him round,
 Our Christian Champion with them fights,
 Till on the Heathen Ground
 Most of those Pagans bleeding lay ;
 Which much perplex'd the King :
 The *Scottish* Champion clears the way,
 Which was a glorious Thing.

St. Patrick too of *Ireland*,
 That Noble Knight of Fame,
 He travell'd, as we understand,
 Till at the length he came
 Into a Grove where Satyrs dwelt ;
 Where Ladies he beheld,
 Who had their raging Fury felt,
 And were with Sorrow fill'd :

He drew his Sword, and did maintain
 A sharp and bloody Fray,
 Till the Ringleader he had slain ;
 The rest soon fled away.
 This done, he ask'd the Ladies fair,
 Who were in Silks array'd,
 From whence they came, and who they were ?
 They answer'd him, and said ;

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We are all Daughters to a King;
Whom a brave *Scottish* Knight
Did out of Tribulation bring;
He having took his Flight,
Now after him we are in Quest :
St. *Patrick* then replies,
He is my Friend, I cannot rest
Till I find him likewise :

So Ladies, if you do intend
To take your Lot with me,
This Sword of mine shall you defend
From savage Cruelty.
The Ladies freely gave Consent
To travel many Miles ;
Thro' shady Groves and Woods they went,
In Search of Fortune's Smiles.

The Christian Champion *David* went
To the *Tartarian* Court ;
Where, at their Tilt and Tournament,
And such like Royal Sport,
He overthrew the only Son
Of the Count *Palatine* ;
This noble Action being done,
His Fame began to shine.

The young Count's sad and sudden Death,
Turn'd all their Joys to Grief ;
He bleeding lay, bereav'd of Breath,
The Father's Son in Chief :
But Lords and Ladies blaz'd the Fame
Of our brave Champion bold ;
Saying, They ought to write his Name
In Characters of Gold.

Here

Here have I writ a fair Account
 Of each Heroick Deed,
 Done by these Knights which will surmount
 all those that shall succeed.
 The ancient Chronicles of Kings,
 E're since the World begun,
 Can't boast of such renowned Things,
 As these brave Knights have done.

St. *George* he was for *England*;
 St. *Dennis* was for *France* ;
 St. *James* for *Spain*, whose valiant Hand,
 Did Christian Fame advance :
 St. *Anthony* for *Italy*,
Andrew for *Scots* ne're fails;
Patrick too stands for *Ireland*,
 St. *David* was for *Wales*.

Thus have you those stout Champions Names;
 In this renowned Song :
 Young captive Ladies bound in Chains,
 Confin'd in Castles strong,
 They did by Knightly Prowess free,
 True Honour to maintain ;
 Then let their lasting Memory
 From Age to Age remain.

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. An Excellent Ballad of a most dreadful Combat, fought between Moore of Moore-Hall, and the Dragon of Wantley.

So' this Ballad does not properly fall under the Denomination of Historical, yet ought it naturally to follow the Two former; it having been ever look'd upon as a Criticism, or Ridicule upon St. George, the Seven Champions, Guy Earl of Warwick, and several other Songs of the like nature, which will scarce find a Place in this Collection; and is the same to Ballads of Chivalry, as Don Quixot is to Books of that Kind. However, there are some People who will by no means allow this to have been the Design of the Poet, nor the Song to be a Piece of Criticism, but a Satyr: And to prove this, they tell you, That in Days of Old, a certain Gentleman, a Member of the Law, and here represented by the Dragon, being left Guardian to Three Orphans, and finding some little Flaw in their Titles, put in his Claim, depriv'd them of their Estate, took Possession of it himself, and turn'd them over to the Parish.

*Parish. Upon which, another (here call
 Moore of Moore-Hall) took up their Cause
 sued the unjust Guardian, cast him, and
 cover'd the Estate for the Children. I sh
 not pretend to decide any Thing in a Dispu
 of this Importance : The Hypotheses are bo
 probable ; but which may be the justest, I sh
 leave the Learned to determine.*

OLD Stories tell, how *Hercules*
 A Dragon slew at *Lerna*,
 With Seven Heads, and Fourteen Eyes,
 To see and well discern-a :
 But he had a Club, this Dragon to drub,
 Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye :
 But *Moore of Moore-Hall*, with nothing at all,
 He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had Two furious Wings,
 Each one upon each Shoulder ;
 With a Sting in his Tail, as long as a Flail,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long Claws, and in his Jaws
 Four and forty Teeth of Iron ;
 With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the *Trojan Horse*,
 With Seventy Men in his Belly ?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell you :
 Devoured he, poor Children Three,
 That could not with him grapple ;
 And at one Sup, he eat them up,
 As one would eat an Apple.

All Sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat;
 Some say he eat up Trees,
 And that the Forest sure he would
 Devour by degrees:
 For Houses and Churches, were to him Geese
 and Turkies;
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some Stones, dear Jack, which he could not
 crack,
 Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotherham*.
 The Place I know it well,
 Some Two or Three Miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell;
 But there is a Hedge, just on the Hill Edge,
 And *Matthew's* House hard by it;
 There and then, was this Dragon's Den,
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this Dragon was a Witch;
 Some say, he was a Devil,
 For from his Nose a Smoke arose,
 And with it burning Snivel;
 Which he cast off, when he did cough,
 Into a Well that stands by;
 Which made it look, just like a Brook
 Running with burning Brandy.

Hard By a furious Knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all Towns did ring;
 For he could wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff, kick,
 cuff and huff,
 Call Son of a Whore, do any kind of Thing:
 By the Tail and the Main, with his Hands twain
 He swung a Horse till he was dead;

And what is stranger, he for very Anger
Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children, as I told, being eat;
Men, Women, Girls and Boys,
Sighing and sobbing came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noise:
O save us all, *More of Moore-Hall*,
Thou peerless Knight of these Woods;
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us

Rag on

We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want;
But I want, I want in sooth,
A fair Maid of Sixteen, that's brisk,
And smiles about the Mouth;
Hair black as Sloe, both above and below,
With Blushes her Cheeks adorning;
To 'noint me o're Night, e're I go to fight,
And to dress me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But first he went, new Armour to
Bespeak at *Sheffield Town*;
With Spikes all 'about, not within but without,
Of Steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, Arms, Legs, and all o're
Some Five or Six Inches long.

Had you seen him in this Dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some *Egyptian Porcupig*:
He frightened all; Cats, Dogs, and all,
Each Cow, each Horse, and each Hog;
For Fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish Hedge-hog.

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to see this Fight, all People then
 Got upon Trees and Houses,
 In Churches some, and Chimneys too ;
 But they put on their Trowfes,
 Not to spoil their Hoses. As soon as he arose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the Tale, Six Pots of Ale,
 And a Quart of *Aqua-Vita*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
 For Wit does Strength excel ;
 Which made our cunning Champion
 Creep down into a Well ;
 Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth ;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd *Bob !*
 And hit him on the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, Pox take thee, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my Drink :
 With that he turn'd, and sh--t at him ;
 Good lack, how he did stink !
 He shrew thy Soul, thy Body's foul,
 Thy Dung smells not like Balsam ;
 Thou Son of a Whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy Diet is unwholsome.

Our Politick Knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the Brink,
 And gave the Dragon such a Douse,
 He knew not what to think :
 O cock, quoth he, say you so ; do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly,
 With Hand and with Foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word it was, *Hey boys, hey !*

Your Words, quoth the Dragon, I don't under-
 Then to it they fell at all, stand :
 Like Two wild Boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great Things with small.

Two

Two Days and a Night, with this Dragon did fight
 Our Champion on the Ground;
 Tho' their Strength it was great, their Skill it was
 They never had one Wound. [n

At length the hard Earth began to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a Knock,
 Which made him to reel, and strait he thought
 To lift him as high as a Rock,
 And then let him fall: But *Moore of Moore-Hall*
 Like a valiant Son of *Mars*,
 As he came like a Lout, so he turn'd him about
 And hit him a Kick on the A--se.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a deep Sigh,
 And turn'd Six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his Throat of Leather;
Moore of Moore-Hall, O thou Rascal,
 Would I had seen thee never;
 With the Thing at thy Foot, thou hast prick'd
 And I'm quite undone for ever. [A--se g

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for Grief;
 Had you but miss'd that Place, you could
 Have done me no Mischief.
 Then his Head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cry'd;
 First on one Knee, then on Back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh--t, and dy'd.

VII. King *Alfred* and the *Shepherd*.
 with the Humours of *Gillian*, the Shepherd's
 Wife.

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

being now enter'd upon *Apocryphal Ballads*, I
 shall here chuse to insert one or two more:
 The former, both for its own *Antiquity*,
 and that of the Story it treats of, de-
 serv'd a first Place in this Collection. The
 only Objection I had to Placing it there,
 was, that I could not answer for its being
Faſt. However, I cannot juſtly rank this
 Song with the Two or Three foregoing ones;
 for in this, there is at least a *Poſſibility*, and
 (I believe I might ſay) a *Probability* of
Truth. *Alfred* was not the only King, who
 has wander'd incog. amongst his Subjects,
 to diſcover their Humours, Affection, and
 Manner of Living. We have had ſome of
 our own, as well as ſeveral Foreign Poten-
 tates, who have made a Practice of it; and
 even

even this good King Alfred himself is recorded to have done it, at a Time when the Danger was far greater than venturing amongst Swains and Peasants. For the Danes having invaded England, and left him (of the whole Island) only the Counties of Southampton, Wilts, and Somerset, he disguised himself, and enter'd their Camp to reconnoitre their Strength, Manner of Incamping, &c. And having seen and learnt all he desir'd, he return'd to his own Soldiers; and leading them on, they fell upon the Danes, and for that Time drove 'em out of the Kingdom. If he could do this, we may reasonably suppose, that in Time of Peace, he could venture himself amongst his own Subjects; especially considering how much he was belov'd by them all, and how little Risque he ran amongst them, for he was a just, wise, and pious Prince, of a very liberal Education; Endowments uncommon in those early Days: And besides the Arts of War and Government, he understood several of the Sciences; and, amongst other, Musick and Poetry to a Perfection. His Works of Piety were many, but, in particular, we are indebted to him for the Foundation of the University of Oxford: And notwithstanding the petty Cavils and Criticisms of some Antiquarians, the Members of University-College still re-

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turn Thanks for him, as their Founder.
 This Prince was the Fourth Son of King
 Egbert, of the Saxon Line: His Three
 Elder Brothers reign'd successively before
 him; but all dying without Issue, he at
 length inherited the Crown, reign'd Nine
 and Twenty Years, died in the Year 901,
 and was buried at Winchester. I have no-
 thing more to add, than that I think this
 Song one of the best Pastorals that ever was
 written in the English Tongue. I will not
 say, that our Poet had read the Story of
 Baucis and Philemon; but thus much I
 dare assert, That in the Description of the
 Shepherd and his Wife's Manner of Living,
 their Fare on better Days, &c. he truly
 comes up to the Spirit of Ovid, and does
 not fall short of Theocritus in Simplicity,
 and a natural Way of expressing every Thing
 in Words becoming a Pastoral Song.

IN Elder Time there was of Yore,
 When Gibes of churlish Glee
 Were us'd among our Country Carls,
 Tho' no such Thing now be.
 The which King *Alfred* liking well,
 Forsook his stately Court,
 And in Disguise unknown went forth,
 To see the jovial Sport;

Now Dick and Tom, in clouted Shoon,
 And Coats of Ruffet Grey,
 Esteem'd themselves more brave than them
 That went in Golden Ray.

In

In Garments-fit for such a Life
 The good King *Alfred* went,
 Ragged and torn as from his Back
 The Beggar his Cloaths had rent,

A Sword and Buckler good and strong,
 To give Jack Sauce a Rap;
 And on his Head, instead of a Crown,
 He wore a *Monmouth* Cap.

Thus coasting thorough *Somersetshire*,
 Near *Newton-Court* he met
 A Shepherd Swain of lusty Limb,
 That up and down did jet:

He wore a Bonnet of good Grey,
 Close-burton'd to his Chin;
 And at his Back a Leather Scrip,
 With much good Meat therein.
 God speed, good Shepherd, quoth the King;
 I come to be thy Guest,
 To taste of thy good Victuals here,
 And Drink that's of the best:

Thy Scrip, I know, hath Cheer good Store:
 What then, the Shepherd said?
 Thou seem'st to be some sturdy Thief,
 And mak'st me sore afraid:
 Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win,
 Thy Sword and Buckler take;
 And, if thou can'st, into my Scrip
 Therewith an Entrance make.

I tell thee, Roister, it hath Store
 Of Beef, and Bacon fat,
 With Sheaves of Barley-Bread, to make
 Thy Chaps to water at:
 Here stands my Bottle, here my Bag,
 If thou can'st win them, Roister;
 Against thy Sword and Buckler here,
 My Sheep-hook is my Master.

Benedicite, quoth our good King;
 It never shall be said,
 That *Alfred* of the Shepherd's Hook
 Will stand a whit afraid.
 So soundly thus they both fell to't,
 And giving Bang for Bang;
 A ev'ry Blow the Shepherd gave,
 King *Alfred's* Sword cry'd Twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chiefest Fence;
 For still the Shepherd's Hook
 Was that the which King *Alfred* could
 In no good manner brook.
 At last, when they had fought Four Hours,
 And it grew just Mid-day,
 And weary'd, both, with right good Will
 Desir'd each other's Stay :

A Truce I crave, quoth *Alfred* then;
 Good Shepherd, hold thy Hand ;
 A sturdier Fellow than thy self
 Lives not within the Land :
 Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,
 The churlish Shepherd said :
 To tell thee plain, thy Thievish Look
 Now makes my Heart afraid.

Be sure thou art some Prodigal,
 Which hast consum'd thy Store,
 And now com'st wand'ring in this Place,
 To rob and steal for more.
 Dream not of me then, quoth our King,
 Good Shepherd, in this sort ;
 A Gentleman well known I am
 In good King *Alfred's* Court.

The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said ;
 Thou go'st in Rags all torn ;
 Thou rather seem'st, I think, to be
 Some Beggar basely born :

But

But if thou wilt mend thy Estate,
 And here a Shepherd be ;
 At Night, to *Gillian*, my sweet Wife,
 Thou shalt go Home with me :

For she's as good a toothless Dame,
 As mumbleth on brown Bread ;
 Where thou shalt lie in hurden Sheets,
 Upon a fresh Straw Bed.
 Of Whig and Whey we have good Store,
 And keep good Pease-straw Fire ;
 And now and then good Barley Cakes,
 As better Days require.

But for my Master, which is Chief,
 And Lord of *Newton-Court*,
 He keeps, I say, his Shepherd Swains
 In far more braver Sort ;
 We there have Curds and clouted Cream,
 Of Red Cow's Morning Milk ;
 And now and then fine butter'd Cakes,
 As soft as any Silk.

Of Beef and reised Bacon store,
 That is most fat and greasy,
 We have likewise, to feed our Chaps,
 And make them glib and easy.
 Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
 This Usage thou shalt have ;
 If not, adieu ; go hang thy self ;
 And so farewell, Sir *Knave*.

King *Alfred* hearing of this Glee
 The churlish Shepherd said,
 Was well content to be his Man ;
 So they a Bargain made :
 A Penny round the Shepherd gave,
 In Earnest of this Match,
 To keep his Sheep in Field and Fold,
 As Shepherds use to watch.

Wages shall be full Ten Groats,
 For Service of a Year;
 'Twas it not his Use, old Lad,
 To hire a Man so dear:
 'Twas did the King himself, quoth he,
 Unto my Cottage come,
 I should not, for a twelve-month's Pay,
 Receive a greater Sum.

'Twas the bonny King grew blithe,
 To hear the clownish Jest;
 How silly Sots, as Custom is,
 Do descant at the best.
 'Twas not to spoil the foolish Sport,
 He was content, good King,
 To fit the Sheperd's Humour right
 In ev'ry kind of Thing.

A Sheep-hook then, with Patch his Dog,
 And Tar-box by his Side;
 'Twas, with his Master, Cheek by Joll,
 Unto old Gillian hy'd.
 Who whose Sight no sooner come;
 Whom have you here, quoth she?
 A fellow, I doubt, will cut our Throats;
 So like a Knave looks he.

'Twas so, old Dame, quoth Alfred straight,
 Of me you need not fear;
 My Master hir'd me for Ten Groats,
 To serve you one whole Year:
 O good Dame Gillian, grant me Leave
 Within your House to stay;
 'Twas by St. Anne, do what you can,
 I will not yet away.

'Twas churlish Usage pleas'd him still,
 And put him to such Proof,
 That he at Night was almost choak'd
 Within that smoaky Roof:

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But

But as he sat with smiling Cheer,
 The Event of all to see,
 His Dame brought forth a Piece of Dough,
 Which in the Fire throws she ;

Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
 By chance, the Cake did burn :
 What can'st thou not, thou Lout, (quoth she)
 Take pains the same to turn ?
 Thou art more quick to take it out,
 And eat it up half Dough,
 Than thus to stay till 't be enough,
 And so thy Manners show.

But serve me such another Trick,
 I'll thwack thee on the Snout :
 Which made the patient King, good Man,
 Of her to stand in doubt.
 But, to be brief, to Bed they went,
 The old Man and his Wife ;
 But never such a Lodging had
 King *Alfred* in his Life ;

For he was laid in white Sheep's Wool,
 New pull'd from tanned Fells ;
 And o're his Head hang'd Spiders Webs,
 As if they had been Bells.
 Is this the Country Guise, thought he ?
 Then here I will not stay,
 But hence be gone, as soon as breaks
 The peeping of next Day.

The cackling Hens and Geese kept roost,
 And perched at his Side ;
 Where, at the last, the watchful Cock
 Made known the Morning Tide :
 Then up got *Alfred*, with his Horn,
 And blew so long a Blast,
 That it made *Gillian* and her Groom,
 In Bed, full sore aghast.

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Arise, quoth she, we are undone;
 This Night we lodged have,
 At unawares, within our House,
 A false dissembling Knave:
 Rise, Husband, rise; he'll cut our Throats;
 He calleth for his Mates:
 I'd give, Old *Will*, our good Cade Lamb,
 He would depart our Gates.

But still King *Alfred* blew his Horn
 Before them more and more;
 Till that an Hundred Lords and Knights
 All lighted at the Door:
 Who cry'd, All hail, all hail, good King;
 Long have we sought your Grace.
 And here you find (my Merry Men all)
 Your Sov'reign in this Place.

We surely must be hang'd up both,
 Old *Gillian* I much fear,
 The Shepherd said, for using thus
 Our good king *Alfred* here.
 O Pardon, my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then,
 For my Husband, and for me:
 By these ten Bones, I never thought
 The same that now I see.

And by my Hook, the Shepherd said,
 (An Oath both good and true)
 Before this Time, O Noble King,
 I ne're your Highness knew:
 Then pardon me, and my old Wife,
 That we may after say,
 When first you came into our House
 It was a happy Day.

It shall be done, said *Alfred*, straight;
 And *Gillian*, thy old Dame,
 For this her churlish using me
 Deserveth not much Blame:

For 'tis thy Country Guise, I see,
 To be thus bluntnish still;
 And where the plainest Meaning is,
 Remains the smallest Ill.

And, Master, lo, I tell thee now;
 For thy late Manhood shown,
 A Thousand Weathers I'll bestow
 Upon thee for thy own;
 And Pasture-Ground, as much as will
 Suffice to feed them all:
 And this thy Cottage I will change
 Into a stately Hall.

And for the same, as Duty binds,
 The Shepherd said good King,
 A Milk-white Lamb, once ev'ry Year,
 I'll to your Highness bring:
 And Gillian, my Wife, likewise,
 Of Wool to make you Coats,
 Will give you as much at *New-Year's* Tide,
 As shall be worth Ten Groats:

And in your Praise, my Bag-pipes shall
 Sound sweetly once a Year,
 How *Alfred*, our renowned King,
 Most kindly hath been here.
 Thanks, Shepherd, Thanks, quoth he again:
 The next Time I come hither,
 My Lords with me, here in this House,
 Will all be merry together.

VIII. A pleasant Ballad of King Henry
the 8th, and the Miller of Mansfield:
Shewing how he was entertain'd and Lodg'd
at the Miller's House.

To the Tune of *The French Leualto*, &c.

The following Song is grounded upon a Story much of the same Nature as the former; save that, in this, King Henry's wandring was accidental; in the other, King Alfred's was design'd. Both our Poets, I believe, had an intent to hint at the Hospitality used here in Days of Old, common to the English in general, now confin'd to Rusticks only. But as I have nothing to say directly to the Fact of this Ballad, I shall forbear troubling my Reader with a long and impertinent Introduction. But, to be before-hand with Criticks, I shall just observe, That the Poetry of this Song is none of the smoothest, or most regular. However, those who are displeas'd with it, may find some Amends in the Thoughts; at least, if they are capable of relishing Sentiments and Diction truly rustick in every Point, without the least Disguise, or Covering of Art.

Henry, our Royal King, would ride a hunting,
To the green Forest, so pleasant and fair;
To have the Hart chased, and dainty Does tripping;
Unto merry Sherwood his Nobles repair:

Hawk and Hound was unbound, all things pre-
For the same, to the Game, with good Regard.

All a long Summer's Day, rode the King plea-
santly,

With all his Princes and Nobles each one ;
Chasing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gal-
lantly,

Till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.
Then at the last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his Lords in the Wood, late in a dark Night.

Wand'ring thus warily, all alone, up and down
With a rude Miller he met with at last ;
Asking the ready Way unto fair Nottingham ?
Sir, quoth the Miller, your Way you have lost
Yet I think, what I think, Truth for to say,
You do not likely ride out of your Way.

Why, what dost thou think of me ? quoth one
King merrily,

Passing thy Judgment upon me so brief :
Good faith, said the Miller, I mean not to flatter
thee

I guess thee to be some Gentleman Thief :
Stand thee back, in the dark ; light thee not down
Lest that I presently crack thy Knave's Crown.

Thou hast abus'd me much, quoth the King, say-
ing thus

I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack.
Thou hast not, quoth the Miller, one Groat
thy Purse

All thy Inheritance hangs on thy Back.
I have Gold to discharge all that I call ;
If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.

thou beest a true Man, then quoth the Miller,
I swear by my Toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all
Night.

Here's my Hand, quoth the King, that I was ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the Miller, thou may'st be a
Spright;

Never I'll know thee, e're Hands I will take;
With none but honest Men, Hands will I shake.

Thus they went all along unto the Miller's House,
Where they were seething of Puddings and
Soufe:

The Miller first enter'd in, then after him the
King;

Never came he in so smoaky a House.

Now (quoth he) let me see here what you are?

Quoth our King, look your Fill, and do not spare.

Like thy Countenance, thou hast an honest Face;

With my Son *Richard* this Night thou shalt lye.

Quoth his Wife, By my Troth, it is a handsome
Youth,

Yet it is best, Husband for to deal warily:

Art thou not a Run-away, prithee Youth tell?

Show me thy Passport and all shall be well.

Then our King presently, making low Courtesy,

With his Hat in his Hand, thus did he say;

I have no Passport, nor ever was Servitor,

But a poor Courtier, rode out of my way:

And for your Kindness here offered me,

I will requite it in every Degree:

Then to the Miller his Wife whisper'd secretly,

Saying, It seems, this Youth's of good Kin,

Both by his Apparel, and eke by his Manners;

To turn him out, certainly 'twere a great Sin.

Yea, quoth he, you may see he hath some Grace
When he doth speak to his Betters in Place.

Well, quoth the Miller's Wife, young Man we
come here

And, tho' I say it, well lodg'd shalt thou be:
Fresh Straw I will have, laid on thy Bed so brave

Good brown hempen Sheets likewise, quoth she
Ay, quoth the good Man; and when that is done
You shall lye with no worse than our own Son.

Nay, first, quoth *Richard*, Good-Fellow tell me
true

Hast thou no Creepers within thy gay Hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the *Scabbado*?

I pray, quoth the King, what things are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby, quoth he?
If thou beest, surely thou ly'st not with me.

This caus'd the King suddenly, to laugh merrily
heard

Till the Tears trickled down from his Eyes.
Then to their Supper were they set orderly,

With a hot Bag-Pudding, and good Apple-Pie
Nappy Ale, good and stale, in a brown Bowl,
Which did about the Board merrily rowl.

Here, quoth the Miller, Good Fellow, I'll drink
to thee

And to all the C—lds, where-ever they be
I'll pledge you; quoth our King, and thank ye
heard

For your good Welcome in every Degree.
And here, in like manner, I'll drink to your Son
Do so, quoth *Richard*; but quick let it come.

Will

Wife, quoth the Miller, fetch me forth Lightfoot,

That we of his Sweetness a little may taste ;

A fair Ven'son Pasty, then brought she forth presently ;

Eat, quoth the Miller ; but, Sir, make no waste.

Here's dainty Lightfoot, i'faith, said our King ;

I never before did eat so dainty a Thing.

wis (quoth Richard) no Dainty at all it is,

For we do eat of it every Day.

In what Place (said our King) may be bought like unto this ?

We never pay Peny for it by fay :

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;

Now and then we make bold with our King's Deer.

Then I think (said our King) that it is Venison.

Each Fool, quoth Richard, full well may see that :

Never are we without Two or Three under the Roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :

But, prithee, say nothing where-ever you go ;

We would not, for Two-pence, the King should know.

Doubt not, then said the King, my promis'd Secrecy :

The King shall never know more on't for me.

A Cup of Lamb's wool they drank unto him then,

And to their Beds they pass'd presently.

The Nobles, next Morning, went all up and down,

For to seek out the King in every Town :

At last, at the Miller's House, soon they espy'd
him plain,

As he was mounting upon his fair Steed ;
To whom they came presently, falling upon their
Knee;

Which made the Miller's Heart wofully
bleed:
Shaking and quaking, before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the
Rood.

The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,
Drew forth his Sword, and nothing he said:
The Miller down did fall, crying before them
all,

Doubring the King would cut off his Head :
But his kind Courtesy for to requite,
Gave him a Living, and made him a Knight.



The Second Part of the King and the Miller.

When as our Royal King came Home from
Nottingham,
And with his Nobles at Westminster lay ;
Recounting the Sports and Pastimes they had
taken,
In this late Progress along by the way ;

Of

of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The Miller of *Mansfield's* Sport liked him best.

And now my Lords, quoth the King, I am de-
termin'd

Against St. *George's* next sumptuous Feast,
That this old Miller our last confirm'd Knight,
With his Son *Richard*, shall both be my Guests:
For in this Merriment, 'tis my Desire
To talk with the jolly Knight, and the young
Squire.

When as the Lords saw the King's Pleasanness,
They were right joyful and glad in their Hearts;
A Pursuivant there was sent streight on the Busi-
ness,

The which had oftentimes been in those Parts,
When he came to the Place where he did dwell,
His Message orderly then he did tell.

God save your Worship, then said the Messenger,
And grant your Lady her Heart's Desire;
And to your Son *Richard* good Fortune and Happi-
ness;

That sweet young Gentleman, and gallant
young Squire.

Our King greets you all, and thus doth say,
You must come to the Court on St. *George's* Day;

Therefore, in any Case, fail not to be in Place.

I wis, quoth the Miller, this is an odd Jest:

What should we do there? Faith, I am half-
afraid;

I doubt (quoth *Richard*) be hang'd at the least.

Nay, quoth the Messenger, you do mistake;

Our King he provides a great Feast for your Sake.
Then

Then said the Miller, Now by troth, Messenger
Thou hast contented my Worship full well.

Hold, here's Three Farthings, to quit thy great

For these happy Tidings which thou dost me

Let me see, here's to thee; tell to our King,
We'll wait on his Mastership in every Thing.

The Pursuivant smiled at their Simplicity.

And making many Legs, took their Reward:

And taking then his Leave with great Humility,

To the King's Court again he repair'd;

Shewing unto his Grace, in each Degree,

The Knight's most liberal Gift and Bounty.

When he was gone away, thus did the Miller say,

Here come Expences and Charges indeed;

Now we must needs be brave, tho' we spend all
we have;

For of new Garments we have great Need:

Of Horses and Serving-Men we must have Store,

With Bridles and Saddles, and Twenty Things
more.

Tush, Sir John, quoth his Wife, never fret nor
frown;

You shall be at no more Charges for me,

For I will turn and trim up my old Ruffet Gown,

With every Thing as fine as may be;

And on our Mill Horses full swift we will ride,

With Pillows and Pannels as we shall provide.

In

this most stately Sort, rode they unto the
 Court,
 Their jolly Son *Richard* foremost of all;
 Who set up by good Hap, a Cock's Feather in his
 Cap,
 And so they jettred down towards the King's
 Hall:
 The merry old Miller, with his Hands on his
 Side;
 His Wife, like Maid *Marian* did mince at that
 Tide.
 The King and his Nobles that heard of his
 coming,
 Meeting this gallant Knight, with his brave
 Train;
 Welcome, Sir Knight, quoth he, with this your
 gay Lady:
 Good Sir *John Cockle*, once welcome again:
 And so is the 'Squire, of Courage so free.
 Quoth *Dick*, Abots on you; do you know me;
 Quoth our King gently, How should I forget thee?
 Thou wast my own Bed-fellow, well that I wor:
 I think of a Trick, tell me, that priuie
Dick,
 How thou with Farting didst make the Bed
 hot?
 Thou whore-son happy Knave, then quoth the
 Knight,
 Speak cleanly to our King, or else go sh--te.

The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh'd at
 this,
 While the King took them both by the Hand;
 With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen
 of Spades,
 The Miller's Wife did so orderly stand;

A Milk-Maid's Courtesy at every Word;
And down the Folks were set at the Side-board:

Where the King royally, in Princely Majesty,
Sat at his Dinner with Joy and Delight:
When they had eaten well, to Jestings then they fell,

And the King then drank to the Knight:
Here's to you both, he said, in Wine, Ale, and Beer;
Thanking you all for your Country Cheer.

Quoth Sir *John Cockle*, I'll pledge you a Pottle,
Were it the best Ale in *Nottinghamshire*:
But then said our King, I do think of a Thing;
Some of your Light-foot I would we had here.
Ho, ho, quoth *Richard*, full well I might say it,
'Tis Knavery to eat it, and then to betray it.

Why, art thou angry? quoth the King merrily;
In faith, I take it very unkind:
I thought thou would'st pledge me in Ale and Wine here.
You're like to stay, quoth *Dick*, till I have din'd:
You feed us with twartling Dishes so small;
Zounds, a Black-pudding is better than all.

Ay, marry, quoth our King, that were a dainty Thing,
If a Man could get one here for to eat.
With that *Dick* arose, and pluck'd one out of his Hose,
Which with Heat of his Breech began for to sweat.

The

The King made a Proffer to snatch it away :
 'Tis Meat for your Master ; good Sir, you must
 stay.

Thus in great Merriment, was the Time wholly
 spent ;

And then the Ladies prepared to dance :
 Old Sir *John Cockle*, and *Richard*, incontinent

Unto this Practice the King did advance :
 Here with the Ladies such Sport they did make,
 The Nobles with laughing did make their Sides
 ache.

Many Thanks for their Pains did the King give
 them,

Asking young *Richard*, if he would wed ;
 Among these Ladies free, tell me which liketh
 thee.

Quoth he, *Fugg Grumbel*, with the red Head :
 She's my Love, she's my Life, she will I wed ;
 She hath sworn I shall have her Maidenhead.

Then Sir *John Cockle* the King call'd unto him,
 And of merry *Sherwood* made him Over-seer ;
 And gave him out of hand Three Hundred Pound
 yearly ;

And now take heed you steal no more of my
 Deer :

And once a Quarter let's here have your View ;
 And thus, Sir *John Cockle*, I bid you adieu.

IX. The



IX. The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood, with Clorinda Queen of Titchury Feast:
 Supposed to be related by the Fiddler, who play'd at their Wedding.

There is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of Robin Hood and Little John. Numbers there are, who look upon all that is said of 'em as fabulous, and believe 'em (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where, but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion only of a few unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense, but that they are grossly mistaken, is very certain. For King Richard the First transported with Zeal, blindly sacrific'd every Thing to it, and ruin'd himself; and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels in the Holy Land where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of England were very great at that

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Time; and even John, the King's Brother, caball'd to dethrone him, and to take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity, which the Out-laws and Banditti would by no means neglect; and England was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst these, none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as our Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had a Hundred Bow-men in his Retinue. But none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abus'd those he robb'd; and never offer'd to stop, or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War: But having riotously spent his Estate, he took to that Way of Living; rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England; endeavouring all he could
to

to suppress these Robbers and Out-laws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood; and several Stratagems were made use of to apprehend him: But all their Attempts prov'd fruitless. Force he repell'd by Force, and Art by Cunning: Till at length falling sick, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to Birkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire; where he desir'd to be let blood: But the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it prov'd a great Temptation to some who knew him; by whom he was betray'd; and instead of bleeding as he desir'd, he was blooded to Death, about the latter End of the Year 1195, or the Beginning of the following Year. As to the Song it self, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it; being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant, written on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading it; and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass, Clorinda might be thought a very forward Girl, if, between Robin Hood's Question and her Answer, we did not suppose Two or Three Hours to have been spent in Courtship: And between Robin Hood's being entertain'd at Gamwell-Hall, and his having Ninety three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some Tears. I know not how our Criticks will relish this; but

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but I would have 'em remember, that our Poets of old scorn'd to curb the Poetick Fire, to give way to dull Rules. They had no tedious Comments upon Aristotle to consult; no Bossu's nor D-an-s's to guide 'em, or, at least, they had too much Sense to be guided by them. Their Works were the first Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were look'd upon like other Englishmen, born to live and write with Freedom.

Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?

Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his Man, brave Little John.

In Locksly Town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly Town;
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous Renown.

The Father of Robin a Forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William a Clowdel-le,
To shoot with our Forester for Forty Mark;
And the Forester beat them all Three.

His Mother was Niece to the Coventry Knight,
Which Warwickshire Men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
Or mine Host of the Bull tells a Lye.

Her

Her Brother was *Gamwel*, of Great *Gamwel-Hall*
 And a Noble House-keeper was he,
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*
 And a 'Squire of famous Degree.

The Mother of *Robin* said to her Husband,
 My Honey, my Love, and my Dear;
 Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwel*,
 To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*
 Take one of my Horses, I pray:
 The Sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
 For To-morrow is *Christmas Day*.

Then *Robin Hood's* Father's grey Gelding was
 And saddl'd and bridl'd was he; [brought
 God wot, a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
 And a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.

She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
 They were all of a light *Lincoln Green*;
 The Cloth was home-spun, but for Colour and
 It might have beseemed our Queen. [Make

And then *Robin* got on his basket-hilt Sword,
 And a Dagger on his t'other Side;
 And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone
 We have Forty long Miles to ride.

When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,
 His Father, without any Trouble,
 Set her up behind him; and bad her not fear,
 For his Gelding had oft carry'd double.

And when she was settl'd, they rode to their
 Neighbours,
 And drank, and shook Hands with them all:
 And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o're
 Till they lighted at *Gamwel-Hall*.

And

and now you may think the right worshipful
 Was joyful his Sister to see; ['Squire
 he kiss'd her, and kiss'd her, and swore a great
 Thou art welcome, kind Sister, to me. [Oath,

the Morrow, when Mass had been said in the
 Six Tables were cover'd in the Hall; [Chapel,
 and in comes the 'Squire, and makes a short
 Speech;
 It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

but not a Man here, shall taste my *March Beer*,
 Till a *Christmas-Carol* he does sing:
 Then all clapt their Hands, and they shouted and
 Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring. [sung,
 Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast Beef and Plumb-
 Were set upon every Table; [Pies,
 and Noble *George Gamwel* said, Eat and be merry,
 And drink too as long as you're able.

When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain said Grace;
 And, Be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire:
 rains, and it blows; but call for more Ale,
 And lay some more Wood on the Fire.

and now call ye Little *John* hither to me;
 For Little *John* is a fine Lad
 at Gambols, and Juggling, and Twenty such
 Tricks,
 As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little *John* came, to Gambols they went,
 Both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown;
 And what do you think? Why, as true as I
 live,
 Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.

And

And now you may think the right worshipful
 Was joyful this Sight for to see; ['Squire
 For he said, Cousin Robin, Thou'lt go no more
 But tarry, and dwell here with me. [Home

Thou shalt have my Land when I dye; and till the
 Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.
 Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said Robin
 That Little John may be my Page.

And he said, Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon
 With all my Heart, so let it be:
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood
 Come hither, my Page, unto me.

Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,
 And broad Arrows one, two, or three;
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into Sherwood
 Some merry Pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
 He winded his Bugle so clear;
 And twice Five and twenty good Yeomen and bold
 Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your Companions all, said Robin Hood
 For still I want Forty and three:
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand
 All under a green Wood Tree.

As that Word was spoke, Clorinda came by;
 The Queen of the Shepherds was she;
 And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Grass
 And her Buskin did reach to her Knee.

Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was strait,
 And her Countenance free from Pride;
 A Bow in her Hand, a Quiver and Arrows
 Hung dangling by her sweet Side.

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Her Eyc-brows were black, ay, and so was her
 And her Skin was as smooth as Glass; [Hair,
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too;
 Sets with *Robin Hood* such a Lass?

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away?
 Oh whither, fair Lady, away?
 And she made him Answer, To kill a fat Buck?
 For To-morrow is *Tisbury* Day.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me
 A little to yonder green Bow'r;
 There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
 Of a Bracc, or a Lease, in an Hour.

And as we were going towards the green Bow'r,
 Two Hundred good Bucks we espy'd;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd,
 And she shot him thro' side and side.

By the Faith of my Body, said bold *Robin Hood*,
 I never saw Woman like thee;
 And com'st thou from *East*, ay, or com'st thou from
 Thou need'st not beg Ven'son of me. [West,

However, along to my Bow'r you shall go,
 And taste of a Forester's Meat:
 And when we came thither, we found as good
 As any Man needs for to eat. [Cheer,

For there was hot Ven'son, and Warden Pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and Honey-Combs plenty;
 And the Servitors they were, beside *Little John*,
 Good Yeomen at least Four and twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?
 And he said, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*:
 'Squire *Gamewel*'s mine Uncle; but all my Delight
 Is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood*:

For

For 'tis a fine Life; and 'tis void of all Strife;
 So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.
 But oh, said bold *Robin*, how sweet would it be,
 If *Clorinda* would be my Bride!

She blush'd at the Motion; yet, after a Pause,
 Said, Yes Sir, and with all my Heart.
 Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,
 And be marry'd before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir;
 For I must be at *Tisbury Feast*:
 And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome Guest.

Said *Robin Hood*, Reach me that Buck, Little *John*,
 For I'll go along with my Dear;
 And bid my Yeomen kill Six Brace of Bucks,
 And meet me To-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden Five *Staffordshire* Miles,
 Eight Yeomen, that were too bold,
 Bid *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck;
 A truer Tale never was told.

I will not, saith, said bold *Robin*: Come, *John*,
 Stand to me, and we'll bear 'em all;
 Then both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em all;
 That Five of the Eight did fall. [flash'd 'em]

The Three that remain'd, call'd to *Robin* for
 Quarter, and pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives:
 When *John's* Boon was granted, he gave them
 good Counsell
 And so sent them home to their Wives.

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is Battel was fought near to *Tutbury Town*;
 When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull;
 A King of the Fiddlers, and swear 'tis a Truth;
 And I call him that doubts it, a Gull.

I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
 And *Clorinda* sung, ' *Hey derry down!*
 The Bumpkins are beaten; Put up thy Sword,
 And now let's dance into the Town. [Bob;

fore we came to it, we heard a strange Shout-
 And all that were in it look'd madly; [ing,
 For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Mor-
 And some singing, *Arthur a Bradley*. [ris,

And there we saw *Thomas* our Justice's Clerk,
 And *Mary* to whom he was kind:
 For *Tom* rode before her, and call'd *Mary* Madam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind.

And so may your Worships. But we went to Din-
 With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan*: [ner,
 They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
 Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.

When Dinner was ended; Sir *Roger* the Parson
 Of *Dubbridge*, was sent for in Haste:
 He brought his Mass-Book, and he bad them take
 Hands;
 And he join'd them in Marriage full fast.

And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his sweet Bride
 Went Hand in Hand to the green Bow'r;
 The Birds sung with Pleasure in merry *Sherwood*,
 And 'twas a most joyful Hour.

And when *Robin* came in Sight of the Bow'r;
 Where are my Yeomen, said he?
 And Little *John* answer'd, Lo yonder they stand,
 All under the green Wood Tree.

Pl. I.

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Then

Then a Garland they brought her. by two, and by two
 And plac'd them at the Bride's Head : [two]
 The Musick struck up, and we all fell to dance,
 Till the Bride and the Groom were a-bed.

And what they did there, must be Counsel to me
 Because they lay long the next Day :
 And I had haste home : But I got a good Piece
 Of the Bride-Cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
 That marry'd they were with a Ring :
 And so will *Nan Knight*, or be bury'd a Maiden
 And now let us pray for our King ;

That he may get Children, and they may get more
 To govern, and do us some good :
 And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood's* Bow
 And sing 'em in merry *Sherwood*.



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X. *Robin Hood*, and *Little John*.

Being an Account of their first Meeting,
their fierce Encounter, and Conquest.

To which is added.

Their Friendly Agreement ; And how he
came to be call'd *Little John*.

To the Tune of *Arthur a Bland*.

Our Poets differ very much about the Manner
in which our Two Heroes first became ac-
quainted : But if we reflect a little, we shall
easily see, that the Error is in the former
Song. For *Robin Hood* begs *Little John*
for his Page ; tho' the Poet has mention'd
no other of his Qualifications, than that he
was a fine Lad at Christmas Gambels :
Whereas it is recorded of this valiant Cap-
tain, That he never took any Man into his
Service, whose Courage, Skill and Strength,
he had not made a Tryal of himself. This
seems confirm'd, not only by the Ballad of
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Little John, but by that of Arthur a Bland, immediately following it; which I shall insert without any manner of Introduction. I think that there is something very humorous in the following Song; especially in the Ceremony of Re-christening Little John. Nor does his meeting with Arthur a Bland, in the next, and throwing his Staff away as far as he could fling it, when he heard who he was, make a contemptible Figure in Verse. But I will not dwell on the Beauties of these Ballads; not questioning but my Readers will easily discover them.

When Robin Hood was about Twenty Years
With a Hey down, down, and a down; [old,
 He happen'd to meet Little John;
 A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for the Trade,
 For he was a lusty young Man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his Limbs they were
With a Hey, &c. [large;
 And his Stature was Seven Foot high:
 Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
With a Hey, &c.

If you will but listen a while;
 For this very Jest, amongst all the rest
 I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly Bow-men,
With a Hey, &c.

Pray tarry you here in this Grove;
 And see that you all, observe well my Call,
 While thorough the Forest I rove.

We have had no Sport for these Fourteen long
With a Hey, &c. [Days,

Therefore now abroad will I go :
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
 My Horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake Hands with his merry Men all,
With a Hey, &c.

And bid them at present good b'w'ye ;
 Then as near a Brook, his Journey he took,
 A Stranger he chanc'd to espy :

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,
With a Hey, &c.

And neither of them would give way :
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and sturdily stood,
 I'll show you right *Nottingham Play*.

With that, from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
With a Hey, &c.

A broad Arrow with a Goose-Wing ;
 The Stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy Hide,
 If thou offer'st to touch the String.

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, Thou dost prate like an
With a Hey, &c. [As,

For were I to bend but my Bow,
 I could send a Dart, quite thro' thy proud Heart,
 Before thou could'st strike me one Blow.

Thou talk'st like a Coward, the Stranger reply'd,
With a Hey, &c.

Well arm'd with a long Bow you stand,
 To shoot at my Breast ; while I, I protest,
 Have nought but a Staff in my Hand.

The Name of a Coward, quoth Robin, I scorn;
With a Hey, &c.

Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by:
 And now, for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,
 The Truth of thy Manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a Thicket of Trees,
With a Hey, &c.

And chose him a Staff of Ground Oak;
 Now this being done, away he did run
 To the Stranger, and merrily spoke:

Lo, see my Staff, it is lusty and tough;
With a Hey, &c.

Now here on the Bridge we will play:
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win
 The Battel; and so we'll away.

With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,
With a Hey, &c.

I scorn in the least to give out:
 This said, they fell to't, without more Dispute,
 And their Staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin he gaveth the Stranger a Bang,
With a Hey, &c.

So hard, that it made his Bones ring:
 The Stranger he said, This must be repaid;
 I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle my Staff,
With a Hey, &c.

To die in your Debt, Friend, I scorn:
 Then to it each goes, and follow'd their Blows,
 As if they had been Threshing of Corn.

The Stranger gave Robin a Crack on the Crown,
With a Hey, &c.

Which caused the Blood to appear:
 When Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
 And follow'd his Blows more severe:

Thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a Hey, &c.

With a passionate Fury and Ire;
 Every Stroke he made him to smoke,
 As if he had been all on fire.

Then into Fury the Stranger he grew,
With a Hey, &c.

And gave him a damnable Look:
 And with it a Blow, that laid him full low,
 And tumbld him into the Brook.

Prishee, good Fellow, O where art thou now?
With a Hey, &c.

The Stranger, in Laughter, he cry'd:
 Noth bold Robin Hood, good Faith, in the Flood,
 And floating along with the Tide.

Needs must acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
With a Hey, &c.

With thee I'll no longer contend;
 For needs must I say, thou hast got the Day,
 Our Battel shall be at an End.

Then, unto the Bank he did presently wade,
With a Hey, &c.

And pull'd himself out by a Thorn:
 Which done, at the last, he blow'd a loud Blast
 Straitway on his fine Bugle-Horn.

The Eccho of which through the Vallies did
With a Hey, &c.

At which his stout Bow-men appear'd,
All cloathed in Green, most gay to be seen;
So up to their Master they steer'd :

O what's the Matter, quoth *William Stutely*?
With a Hey, &c.

Good Master, you are wet to the Skin.
No Matter, quoth he; the Lad which you see
In fighting, hath tumbl'd me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd;
With a Hey, &c.

So straight they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise: But *Robin Hood* cries,
He is a stout Fellow; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, Friend, be not
With a Hey, &c. [afraid]

These Bow-men upon me do wait.
There's Threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine
Thou shalt have my Livery strait;

And other Accoutrements fit for a Man:
With a Hey, &c.

Speak up, jolly Blade, never fear.
I'll reach you also, the Use of the Bow,
To shoot at the fat Fallow-Deer.

O here is my Hand, the Stranger reply'd,
With a Hey, &c.

I'll serve you with all my whole Heart:
My Name is *John Little*, a Man of good Mettle
Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my Part.

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His Name shall be alter'd, quoth *William Stutely*,
With a Hey, &c.

And I will his Godfather be;
 Prepare then a Feast, and none of the least;
 For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,
With a Hey, &c.

With humming strong Liquor likewise:
 They lov'd what was good, so in the green Wood
 This pretty sweet Babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but Seven Foot high,
With a Hey, &c.

And may be an Ell in the Waste:
 A pretty sweet Lad: Much Feasting they had;
 Bold *Robin* the Christ'ning grac'd,

With all his Bow-men, which stood in a Ring,
With a Hey, &c.

And were of the *Nottingham* Breed:
 Brave *Stutely* comes then, with Seven Yeomen,
 And did in this Manner proceed:

This Infant was called *John Little*, quoth he;
With a Hey, &c.

Which Name shall be changed anon:
 The Words we'll transpose; so where-ever he goes,
 His Name shall be call'd *Little John*.

They all with a Shout made the Elements ring,
With a Hey, &c.

So soon as the Office was o're,
 To Feasting they went, with true Merriment,
 And tippl'd strong Liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet Babe,
With a Hey, &c.

And cloath'd him from Top to the Toe
 In Garments of Green, most gay to be seen,
 And gave him a curious long Bow.

Thou shalt be an Archer as well as the best,
With a Hey, &c.

And range in the green Wood with us ;
 Where we'll not want Gold nor Silver, behold,
 While Bishops have ought in their Purse.

We live here like Squires, or Lords of Renown,
With a Hey, &c.

Without e're a Foot of Free Land ;
 We feast on good Cheer, with Wine, Ale and
 And ev'ry Thing at our Command. [Beer,

Then Musick and Dancing did finish the Day ;
With a Hey, &c.

At length, when the Sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole Train, the Grove did refrain,
 And unto their Caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
With a Hey down, down, and a down ;

Altho' he was proper and tall,
 Yet nevertheless, the Truth to express,
 Still Little John they did him call.

XI. Robin

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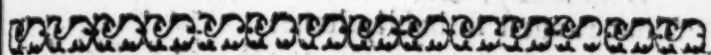
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XI. *Robin Hood* and the *Tanner* :

O R,

Robin Hood met with his Match.

To the Tune of *Robin Hood and the Stranger*.

I N *Nottingham* there lives a jolly *Tanner*,
 With a *Hey* down, down, and a down;
 His Name is *Arthur a Bland*;
 There is never a *Squire*, in *Nottinghamshire*,
 Dare bid bold *Arthur* to stand :

With a long *Pike-Staff* upon his *Shoulder*,
 With a *Hey*, &c.
 So well he can clear his way,
 By two and by three; he makes them to flee,
 For he hath no *Lift* to stay.

And as he went out in a *Summer-Morning*,
 With a *Hey*, &c.
 Into the *Forest* of merry *Sherwood*,
 To view the red *Deer*, which run here and there,
 There met he bold *Robin Hood*.

As soon as bold *Robin* did him espy,
 With a *Hey*, &c.
 He thought some *Sport* he would make;
 Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,
 And thus unto him he spake :

Why

Why, what art thou, thou bold Fellow?

With a Hey, &c.

That rangest so boldly here:
In sooth, to bebrief thou look'st like a Thief,
That comes to steal our King's Deer.

For I am a Keeper in this Forest,

With a Hey, &c.

The King puts me in Trust,
To look to his Deer, that range here and there;
Therefore stop thee I must.

If thou beest a Keeper in this Forest,

With a Hey, &c.

And hast such a great Command;
Yet you must have more Partakers in Store,
Before you make me to stand.

No, I have no more Partakers in Store,

With a Hey, &c.

Or any that I do need:
But I have a Staff of another Oak-Graft,
I know it will do the Deed.

For thy Sword and thy Bow I care not a Straw,

With a Hey, &c.

Nor all thy Arrows to boot:
If thou get'st a Knock upon thiy bare Scop,
Thou can'st as well sh-r as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good Fellow, said jolly Robin,

With a Hey, &c.

And give better Terms unto me;
Else I'll thee correct for thy Neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry

Marry gap with a wanion, quoth *Arthur a Bland,*
With a Hey, &c.

Art thou such a goodly Man?
 I care not a Fig for thy looking so big;
 Mend you your self where you can.

Then *Robin Hood* unbuckled his Belt,
With a Hey, &c.

And laid down his Bow so long;
 He took up his Staff of another Oak-Graft,
 That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy Weapon, said jolly *Robin,*
With a Hey, &c.

Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
 For I have a Staff of another Oak-Graft,
 Not half a Foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly *Robin,*
With a Hey, &c.

Before we begin the Fray;
 For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul Play.

Pass not for Length, bold *Arthur* reply'd,
With a Hey, &c.

My Staff is of Oak so free;
 Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then *Robin* he could no longer forbear,
With a Hey, &c.

But gave him a very good Knock;
 Quickly and soon the Blood it run down,
 Before it was Ten o'Clock.

Then

Then *Arthur* soon recover'd himself,

With a Hey, &c.

And gave him a Knock on the Crown,
That from every Side of *Robin Hood's* Head
The Blood it run-trickling down.

Then *Robin Hood* raged like a wild Boar,

With a Hey, &c.

As soon as he saw his own Blood :
Then *Bland* was in haste, he laid on so fast,
As if he had been cleaving of Wood :

And about, and about, and about they went,

With a Hey, &c.

Like Two wild Boars in a Chace;
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, Arm, or any other Place.

And Knock for Knock they lustily dealt,

With a Hey, &c.

Which held for Two Hours, or more ;
That all the Wood rang, at every Bang,
They ply'd their Work so sore.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,

With a Hey, &c.

And let our Quarrel fall ;
For here we may thrash, our Bones all to mash,
And get no Coin at all.

And in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,

With a Hey, &c.

Hereafter thou shalt be free :
God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought,
I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.

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What Tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin?

With a Hey, &c.

Good Fellow, I prithee, me show?

And also me tell, in what Place you dwell?

For both of these fain would I know.

I am a Tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,

With a Hey, &c.

In Nottingham long have I wrought;

And if thou come there, I do vow and swear,

I'll tan thy Hide for nought.

God ha' Mercy, good Fellow, said jolly Robin,

With a Hey, &c.

Since thou art so kind and free,

And if thou wilt tan my Hide for nought,

I'll do as much for thee.

But if thou'lt forsake thy Tanner's Trade,

With a Hey, &c.

And live in the green Wood with me;

My Name is Robin Hood, I swear by the Wood,

I will give thee both Gold and Fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,

With a Hey, &c.

As I think well thou art;

Then here's my Hand, my Name's Arthur a Bland,

We Two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?

With a Hey, &c.

Of him fain would I hear;

For we are ally'd, by the Mother's Side,

And he is my Kinsman near.

Then

Then *Robin Hood* blew on the Bugle Horn,
With a Hey, &c.

He blew both loud and shrill;
 And quickly anon, he saw Little *John*
 Come tripping down a green Hill.

O what is the Matter, then said Little *John*?
With a Hey, &c.

Master, I pray you, tell:
 Why do you stand, with your Staff in your Hand?
 I fear all is not well.

O Man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand;
With a Hey, &c.

The Tanner, that stands me beside,
 He is a bonny Blade, and Master of his Trade,
 For he soundly hath tann'd my Hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little *John*,
With a Hey, &c.

If he such a Feat can do:
 If he be so stout, we will have a Bout;
 And he shall tan my Hide too.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*;
With a Hey, &c.

For as I do understand,
 He's a Yeoman good, and of thy own Blood,
 And his Name is *Arthur a Bland*.

Then Little *John* threw his Staff away,
With a Hey, &c.

As far as he could fling;
 And run out of hand, to *Arthur a Bland*,
 And about his Neck did cling.

With

With loving Respect, there was no Neglect;
With a Hey, &c.

They were neither nice nor coy:
 Each other did face, with a lovely Grace,
 And both did weep for Joy.

Then *Robin Hood* took them by the Hands,
With a Hey, &c.

And danced about the Oak-tree;
 For Three merry Men, and Three merry Men,
 And Three merry Men we be.

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
With a Hey down, down, and a down;

We Three will be all as one:
 The Wood it shall ring, and the old Wife sing,
 Of *Robin Hood*, *Arthur*, and *John*.



XII. *Robin Hood* Rescuing *Will. Stutley*,
 from the Sheriff and his Men, who
 had taken him Prisoner, and were
 going to hang him, &c.

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and Queen Catherine*.

When I first began to compile this Volume, I selected (out of about Twenty four Songs of Robin Hood, which are still extant) Eight or Nine of those I thought the best and oldest, intending to give 'em a Place in this Collection; they being all (the Ballads of Little John and Arthur a Bland excepted) written on Subjects which very much vary from one another: But I find that I should swell my Book too much with one Story; and therefore I shall conclude this Subject with the Rescue of Will. Stutley, and reserve the rest for another Opportunity. But as my Readers may not understand what is meant in one of the foregoing Songs, by their never wanting Money, whilst Bishops have ought in their Purse; I must acquaint them, that
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Half of these Ballads have a Stroke at the Bishop ; and some are wholly taken up with the Adventures of a Prelate and Robin Hood. One tells you, what Stratagems this Outlaw used, to rob the Bishop of Hereford : Another, That this Prelate, enraged at what was done, contriv'd to take Robin Hood : But failing in his Attempt, was himself taken, and bound to a Tree ; where they made him sing Mass. A Third, That Robin Hood, invited by the Queen, came to Court ; where a Match of Shooting was propos'd between him and the King's Archers ; and the Bishop laying a very considerable Wager on the Side of the latter, lost his Money. From these several Old Songs, we may conclude, that they had some merry Story in those Times, of Robin Hood and a Bishop ; but what it was, 'tis impossible to say. I know no Story of him more probable, than what is related in the following Ballad, of his Rescuing one of his Men ; for he certainly lov'd and encourag'd 'em all ; whilst, on the other hand, they were faithful to their Master, and to each other, to the last. And a Man of such a bold and enterprizing Spirit, (as he is reported to be) would have encounter'd an Army, to save one of his Followers from an ignominious Death.

When

WHEN *Robin Hood* in the green Wood stode,
Derry, derry, down :

Under the green Wood Tree ;
 Tidings there came to him with Speed,
 Tidings for Certainty ;

Hey down, derry, derry down :

That *Will. Stutly* surprized was,
 And eke in Prison lay ;
 Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
 Did likely him betray :

Ay, and To-morrow hang'd must be,
 To-morrow, as soon as Day :
 Before they could the Victory get,
 Two of 'em did *Stutly* slay.

When *Robin Hood* did hear this News,
 Lord, it did grieve him sore ;
 And to his merry Men he said,
 Who all together swore,

That *Will. Stutly* should rescu'd be,
 And be brought back again ;
 Or else should many a gallant Wight,
 For his Sake there be slain.

He cloath'd himself in Scarlet then,
 His Men were all in Green ;
 A finer Show throughout the World
 In no Place could be seen.

Good Lord, it was a gallant Sight,
 To see them all a-row !
 With ev'ry Man a good broad Sword,
 And eke a good Yew-Bow.

of the green Wood are they gone,
 ea, all couragiously;
 volving to bring *Stutly* home,
 every Man to dye.

when they came to the Castle near,
 Wherein *Will. Stutly* lay;
 old it good, said *Robin Hood*,
 We here in Ambush stay;

I send one forth some News to hear,
 To yonder Palmer fair,
 at stands under the Castle-Wall;
 some News he may declare.

th that steps forth a brave young Man,
 Which was of Courage bold;
 as he did say to the Old Man,
 pray thee, Palmer old,

I me, if that thou rightly ken,
 When must *Will. Stutly* dye?
 so is one of bold *Robin's* Men,
 And here doth Prisoner lye.

s, alas, the Palmer said,
 And for ever Woe is me!
Will. Stutly hang'd will be this Day,
 On yonder Gallows Tree:

ad his noble Master known,
 He would some Succour send;
 few of his bold Yeomanry
 Full soon would fetch him hence.

that is true the young Man said;
 Ay, that is true, said he:
 if they were near to this Place,
 They soon would set him free.

But

But, fare thou well, thou good old Man;
 Farewel, and Thanks to thee:
 If *Stutly* hanged be this Day,
 Reveng'd his Death will be.

No sooner he was from the Palmer gone,
 But the Gates were open'd wide;
 And out of the Castle *Will. Stutly* came,
 Guarded on every Side.

When he was forth from the Castle come,
 And saw no Help was nigh;
 Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,
 Thus he said gallantly:

Now seeing that I needs must dye,
 Grant me one Boon, said he;
 For my Noble Master ne're had Man,
 That yet was hang'd on Tree:

Give me a Sword all in my Hand,
 And let me be unbound;
 And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,
 Till I lie dead on the Ground.

But this Desire he would not grant,
 His Wishes were in vain;
 For the Sheriff swore, he hang'd should be,
 And not by the Sword be slain.

Do but unbind my Hands, he says,
 I will no Weapons crave;
 And if I hanged be this Day,
 Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the Sheriff said;
 Thou shalt on Gallows dye:
 Ay, and so shall thy Master too,
 If ever in me it lie.

O dastard Coward, *Stutly* cries,
Faint-hearted, Peasant Slave!
If ever my Master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy Payment have.

My Noble Master thee doth scorn,
And all thy cowardly Crew;
Such silly Imps unable are
Bold *Robin* to subdue:

But when he was to the Gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu;
Out of a Bush steps Little *John*,
And goes *Will. Stutly* to:

I pray thee, *Will*, before thou die,
Of thy dear Friends take Leave;
I needs must borrow him a while;
How say you, Master Sheriff?

Now, as I live, the Sheriff said,
That Varlet will I know:
Some sturdy Rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little *John*, most hastily,
Away cut *Stutly's* Bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men
A Sword twitch'd from his Hands:

Here *Will. Stutly*, take thou this same;
Thou can'st it better sway:
And here defend thy self a while,
For Aid will come straightway.

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,
In the Midst of them that Day,
Till *Robin Hood* approached near,
With many an Archer gay.

With

With that, an Arrow from them flew ;
 I wist, from *Robin Hood* ;
 Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff he said ;
 Make haste, for it is not good.

The Sheriff is gone ; his doughty Men
 Thought it no Boot to stay ;
 But, as their Master had them taught,
 They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, *Will. Stutly* said ;
 Take leave, e're you depart ;
 You ne're will catch bold *Robin Hood*,
 Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, said *Robin Hood*,
 That you so soon are gone ;
 My Sword may in the Scabbard rest,
 For here our Work is done.

I little thought, *Will. Stutly* said,
 When I came to this Place,
 For to have met with Little *John*,
 Or have seen my Master's Face.

Thus *Stutly* he was at Liberty set,
 And safe brought from his Foe ;
 O Thanks, O Thanks to my Master,
 Since here it was not so.

And once again, my Fellows dear,
Derry, derry, down ;
 We shall in the green Woods meet ;
 Where we will make our Bow-strings twang,
 Musick for us most sweet ;
Hey down, derry, derry down.

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III. A Warning-Piece to *England*, against *Pride* and *Wickedness*:

ing the Fall of *Queen Eleanor*, Wife to *Edward* the First, King of *England*; who, for her *Pride*, by God's Judgments, sunk into the Ground at *Charing-Cross*, and rose at *Queen-Hithe*.

To the Tune of, *Gentle and Courteous*.

ever was more surprized, than at the Sight of the following *Ballad*; little expecting to see *Pride* and *Wickedness* laid to the Charge of the most *Affable* and most *Virtuous* of *Women*: Whose glorious *Actions* are not recorded by our *Historians* only; for no *Foreign Writers*, who have touch'd upon those *Early Times*, have in Silence pass'd over this *Illustrious Princess*; and every Nation rings with the Praise of *Eleonora Isabella*, of *Castile*, King *Edward's Queen*. Father *Le Moine*, who (in his *Gallerie des Femmes Fortes*) has search'd all *Christen-*
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dom round, (from its very Infancy, to the last Age) for Five Heroines, very partially bestows the first Place upon one of his own Country-Women; but gives the Second, with a far superior Character, to this Queen. That my Readers may have some Idea of her, I shall take notice of one Action, in which her Virtue, her Conjugal Fidelity, and her Heroick Bravery, will at once appear. This Lady, who was Sister to the King of Castile, was married to Prince Edward Son to King Henry the Third. The English some Time after, undertaking the Holy War, Prince Edward went thither in Person, accompanied by his Princess, (who never forsok him) his Brother Edmund, and several of the Chief Nobility. There he was wounded with a poison'd Arrow, as some relate; or, as our own Historians tell it, he was stabb'd in several Places with a poison'd Knife, by a treacherous Saracen. Upon examining his Wounds, his Physicians judg'd 'em mortal, unless somebody would resolve to die, to save his Life; which might be effected, by their sucking the Poison out of the Wounds. At the hearing of this, Eleonora flew towards her Husband, with all the eager Haste of an impatient Lover, and unbinding his Wounds, she began to suck 'em her self; unwilling, when her Husband's Safety might be wrought, to trust the im-
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tant Task to any one else, lest they should do their Work by Halves. Heaven, doubtless, pleas'd with this pious Act, took the Princess under its immediate Protection; nor had the Poison, which she suck'd, the least Effect upon her; but she return'd with her Husband, and reign'd in England several Years. There are many Things besides in this Ballad, which, if we believe 'em said of Queen Eleanor, must appear ridiculous: As, her Inventing of Coaches; which were not known in England, till about Two Hundred and Fifty Years after her Death: Her being jealous of the Lord Mayor's Wife, because she had a Child; which Eleanor could no ways be suppos'd to be, having Thirteen by King Edward: And the Manner and Place of her Dying; which, in Fact, was at Herdeley in Lincolnshire, as she was accompanying the King her Husband towards Scotland; for she always was the Kind Companion of his Travels. Her Behaviour at her Death, is recommended as an Example to Posterity: And this seems confirm'd by her Epitaph; which, I believe, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to my Learned Readers.

Nobilis *Hispani* jacet
 Hic Soror inclyta Regis,
 Eximij Consors
 ELEONORA Thori,
 EDWARDI Primi *Wallorum*
 Principis Uxor,
 Cui Pater HENRICUS Tertius
Anglus erat.
 Hanc ille Uxorem gnato petit :
 Omine Princeps
 Legati Munus
 Suscepit ipse bono.
 ALFONSO Fratri placuit
 Felix Hymenæus,
 Germanam EDWARDO
 Nec sine Dote dedit,
 Dos præclara fuit
 Nec tali indigna Marito,
 Pontino Princeps
 Munere dives erat:
 Fœmina Consilio prudens,
 Pia, Prole beata,
 Auxit Amicitiiis,
 Auxit Honore Virum.
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That my Female Readers may not be wholly de-
priv'd of the Benefit of this Epitaph, I
shall give them the Meaning of the Five
last Lines.

She was a Woman prudent, wise in Coun-
cils,

Pious, bless'd in a numerous Offspring :

She increas'd the Friends, Alliances,

And Honours of her Husband.

From her Example, *LEARN TO DIE.*

may here, probably, be ask'd, Why I did not
omit a Ballad, which (in every Circum-
stance) differs so very widely from History ?
But I thought I could not in Justice do it :
For there are Numbers of People, who know
nothing more of the Transactions of former
Times, than what they meet with in these
Old Songs : And when I saw so fair a Re-
putation so foully blasted, and had such an
Opportunity, I thought it my Duty to vindicate
it. Nor do I think, that our Poet had
a Design only to preach, or to blacken Cha-
racters : I look upon this Song as a severe
Satyr, written in the Days of Queen Mary
the First. Nor is this barely a Conjecture ;
for every Circumstance which I have ad-
vanc'd, to prove that it could not be meant
of

of Queen Eleanor, seems to confirm its Relation to Queen Mary. As, The Invention of Coaches, which is recorded to have been in her Time; Her Jealousy of a Woman who was bro't to Bed; for Queen Mary never had a Child, notwithstanding that it had been given out in all Churches that she was big, and publick Prayers made for her safe Delivery. Nor can it be thought absurd that she should be call'd a Spaniard; for she was Daughter to Katharine, an Infanta of Spain, and (after her Coronation) marry'd to Philip, Prince of Spain. I do not know what particular Fact is meant, by her Usage of the Mayor of London's Wife; but I am apt to think it spoken of her Cruelties in general: And her being swallow'd up seems to be a Threat of the Poet's, That unless she amended, Vengeance would overtake her. A Plan for this Satyr being thus form'd I am apt to think, our Poet look'd back for a Spanish Queen, that he might the better disguise his Satyr, and not lay himself so open to Censure, as he would otherwise have been: And, probably Eleanor was the first Spanish Princess, whose Name he met with. Probably, he chose out this pious Queen that People might easily see, tho' it was said it could not be meant of her; and, perhaps he was glad to mention one so good and virtuous, that People might look back upon her

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*History, and see the Difference between her
and the bigotted Queen, who then sway'd the
English Sceptre.*

When Edward was in England King,
The first of all that Name,
Proud Ellinor he made his Queen,
A stately *Spanish* Dame :
Whose wicked Life, and sinful Pride,
Thro' England did excel ;
To dainty Dames, and gallant Maids,
This Queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
In Coaches brave to ride ;
She was the first that brought this Land
To deadly Sin of Pride.
No *English* Taylor here could serve
To make her Rich Attire ;
But sent for Taylors into *Spain*,
To feed her vain Desire.

They brought in Fashions strange and new,
With Golden Garments bright ;
The Farthingale, and mighty Ruff,
With Gowns of rich Delight :
The London Dames, in *Spanish* Pride,
Did flourish every where ;
Our *English* Men, like Women then,
Did wear long Locks of Hair.

Both Man and Child, both Maid and Wife,
Were drown'd in Pride of *Spain* ;
And thought the *Spanish* Taylors then
Our *English* Men did stain :

Whereat the Queen did much despight,
 To see our *English* Men
 In Vestures clad, as brave to see,
 As any *Spaniard* then.

She crav'd the King, that ev'ry Man
 That wore long Locks of Hair,
 Might then be cut and polled all,
 Or shaved very near.

Whereat the King did seem content,
 And soon thereto agreed ;
 And first commanded, That his own
 Should then be cut with Speed.

And after that, to please his Queen,
 Proclaimed thro' the Land,
 That ev'ry Man that wore long Hair,
 Should poll him out of hand.

But yet this *Spaniard*, not content,
 To Women bore a Spite,
 And then requested of the King,
 Against all Law and Right,

That ev'ry Womankind should have
 Their Right Breast cut away ;
 And then with burning Irons scar'd,
 The Blood to stanch and stay !
 King *Edward* then perceiving well
 Her Spite to Womankind,
 Devis'd soon by Policy,
 To turn her bloody Mind :

He sent for burning Irons straight,
 All sparkling hot to see ;
 And said, ' O Queen, Come on thy way ;
 ' I will begin with thee.
 Which words did much displease the Queen,
 That Penance to begin ;
 But ask'd him Pardon on her Knees ;
 Who gave her Grace therein,

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But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
 Along brave *London* Streets,
 Whereas the Mayor of *London's* Wife
 In stately Sort she meets ;
 With Musick, Mirth and Melody,
 Unto the Church they went,
 To give God Thanks, that to th' Lord Mayor
 A Noble Son had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful Queen,
 To see that any one
 Should so exceed in Mirth and Joy,
 Except her self alone :
 For which, she after did devise
 Within her bloody Mind,
 And practis'd still most secretly,
 To kill this Lady kind.

Unto the Mayor of *London* then
 She sent her Letters straight,
 To send his Lady to the Court,
 Upon her Grace to wait.

But when the *London* Lady came
 Before proud *El'nor's* Face ;
 She stript her from her rich Array,
 And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into *Wales* with Speed
 And kept her secret there ;
 And us'd her still more cruelly
 Than ever Man did hear.

She made her wash, she made her starch,
 She made her drudge alway ;
 She made her nurse up Children small,
 And labour Night and Day.

But this contented not the Queen,
 But shew'd her most Despite ;
 She bound this Lady to a Post,
 At Twelve a Clock at Night.

And as, poor Lady, she stood bound,
 The Queen (in angry Mood)
 Did set Two Snakes unto her Breast,
 That suck'd away her Blood.

Thus dy'd the Mayor of London's Wife,
 Most grievous for to hear:
 Which made the *Spaniard* grow more proud,
 As after shall appear.
 The Wheat that daily made her Bread,
 Was bolted Twenty times;
 The Food that fed this stately Dame,
 Was boil'd in costly Wines.

The Water that did spring from Ground,
 She would not touch at all;
 But wash'd her Hands with the Dew of Heav'n,
 That on sweet Roses fall.
 She bath'd her Body many a time
 In Fountains fill'd with Milk;
 And ev'ry Day did change Attire,
 In costly *Median* Silk.

But coming then to London back,
 Within her Coach of Gold,
 A Tempest strange within the Skies
 This Queen did there behold:
 Out of which Storm she could not go,
 But there remain'd a Space;
 Four Horses could not stir the Coach
 A Foot out of the Place.

A Judgment lately sent from Heav'n,
 For shedding guiltless Blood,
 Upon this sinful Queen, that slew
 The London Lady good!
 King Edward then, as Wisdom will'd,
 Accus'd her of that Deed;
 But she deny'd; and wish'd, that God
 Would send his Wrath with Speed;

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If that upon so vile a Thing
 Her Heart did ever think,
 She wish'd the Ground might open wide,
 And she therein might sink !
 With that at *Charing-Cross* she sunk
 Into the Ground alive ;
 And after rose with Life again,
 In *London*, at *Queen-Hithe*.

When, after that, she languish'd sore
 Full Twenty Days in Pain,
 At last confess'd the Lady's Blood
 Her guilty Hand had stain :
 And likewise, how that by a Fryar
 She had a base-born Child ;
 Whose sinful Lusts, and Wickedness,
 Her Marriage-Bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the Fall of Pride ;
 A just Reward of Sin ;
 For, those that will forswear themselves,
 God's Vengeance daily win.
 Beware of Pride, ye Courtly Dames,
 Both Wives and Maidens all ;
 Bear this imprinted on your Mind,
 That Pride must have a Fall.

XIV. An Unhappy Memorable Song
of the Hunting in Chevy Chase, be-
tween Earl Piercy of England, and
Earl Douglas of Scotland.

To the Tune of Flying Fame.

It would be a very difficult Matter to say, Whether the Partiality of our Poet towards the English, or that of Buchanan, in the Account he gives us of this Part of History towards the Scots, be greater. The former brings but Fifteen Hundred Englishmen into the Field, against Two Thousand Scots; yet makes his Countrymen stand their Ground with Fifty three, whilst their Enemies fly with Fifty five. The other asserts, That in the Action which gave Birth to this Song, the English Army was far superior in Number; yet were there slain of them, in that Battel, Eighteen Hundred and forty, about a Thousand wounded, and a Thousand and forty taken Prisoners. On the other hand, the same Historian says, There were a Hundred



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red Scots slain, and Two Hundred taken
 Prisoners ; occasion'd by a few, in Pursuit,
 following a greater Number of their Ene-
 mies. Our Poet thought it would be an
 Affront to his Countrymen, to suppose that
 the Scots would so much as think of coming
 to attack the English in their own King-
 dom, as in Effect they did ; and therefore he
 makes Earl Piercy enter Scotland, and hunt
 in the Liberties of Earl Douglas. The Fact
 of it is this : When King Robert the Se-
 cond reign'd in Scotland, and King Richard
 the Second in England, the Scots taking
 Advantage of our intestine Troubles, re-
 solved to make an Incursion into the Nor-
 thern Borders of this Kingdom, to carry
 off what Booty they could. To this End,
 they raised an Army, divided it into differ-
 ent Bodies, and gave the Command of a
 very considerable one to James Earl Dou-
 glas ; who immediately enter'd Northum-
 berland, and directly made up towards New-
 castle. Henry Piercy, Earl of Northum-
 berland, a popular, rich, and powerful Man,
 not only in that, but in the Neighbouring
 Counties, raised as many as the little
 time he had would permit, and march'd
 against Douglas. Several Skirmishes were
 fought near Newcastle, which at length
 ended in a Duel between the Two Generals ;
 and in which, Buchanan tells us, Piercy
 was

was unhors'd, and had his Spear taken from him. Be that as it may; Douglas did not long enjoy his Victory: For retiring the next Morning, Piercy pursued, and overtook him; and the Battel was fought which gave Rise to this Song, and in which Earl Douglas was slain, and Earl Piercy taken Prisoner. The Battel of Homeldon, or as our Poet calls it, of Humbledown, was not fought till under the next Reign, when K. Henry the Fourth and K. Robert the Third sway'd the Sceptres of the Two Kingdoms. The Ballad it self was written when the Dissentions of the Barons (who behaved like so many absolute Princes) made our Nation the perpetual Seat of Civil War: And the Design of the Poet was, to shew the Miseries which attend such unhappy Divisions. And this may very well excuse him for departing, as much as he has done, from History; and making that which was a National Difference, a private Quarrel. I shall not here point out the particular Beauties of this Song, with which even Mr. Addison was so charm'd, that in a very accurate Criticism upon it, (in several of his Spectators) he proves, That every Line is written with a true Spirit of Poetry. Nor is it esteem'd barely because this Great Man has recommended it; for, in all Ages, it has justly been admir'd: And in Sir Philip Sidney

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Sidney's *Discourse of Poetry*, we find the following Expression: "I never heard the
 "Old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that
 "I found not my Heart more moved than
 "with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by
 "some blind Crowder, with no rougher Voice
 "than rude Stile: Which being so evil appa-
 "rell'd in the Dust and Cobweb of that un-
 "civil Age; what would it work, trimm'd
 "in the gorgeous Eloquence of Pindar?"

God prosper long our Noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all;
 woful Hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chace befall:

to drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl Piercy took his way;
 he Child may rue that is unborn,
 The Hunting of that Day.

the stout Earl of Northumberland
 A Vow to God did make,
 a Pleasure in the Scottish Woods
 Three Summer's Days to take;

the chiefest Harts in Chevy-Chace
 To kill and bear away.
 the Titlings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay:

who sent Earl Piercy present word,
 He would prevent his Sport.
 the English Earl not fearing this,
 Did to the Woods resort;

With

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran,
To Chase the Fallow-Deer :
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear ;

And long before High-Noon they had
An Hundred fat Bucks slain ;
Then having din'd, the Drovers went:
To rouse them up again.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their Backsides all, with special Care,
That Day were guarded sure.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer ;
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This Day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave young Gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say ;

Lo yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright ;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
All marching in our Sight ;

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All Men of pleasant *Tivendale*,
Fast by the River *Tweed*.

Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your Bows with Speed :

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance ;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on Horseback come,
But, since my Hap it were,
durst encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a Milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my Consent, do chase
And kill my Fallow Deer ?

The Man that first did Answer make,
Was Noble *Piercy* he ;
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be :

For we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefest Hart to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did say ;

For thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But

But trust me, *Piercy*, Pity it were,
 And great Offence to kill
 Any of these our harmless Men,
 For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
 And set our Men aside?
 Accurs'd be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
 By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To *Henry* our King for Shame,

That er'e my Captain fought on Foot,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
 And I a 'Squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have Pow'r to stand :
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true ;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 Full Threescore *Scots* they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Douglas* had the Bent ;
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 The Spears to Shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,
 No Slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 Lay gasping on the Ground.

O Christ!

Christ! it was a Grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Earls did meet,
 Like Captains of great Might;
 Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
 And made a cruel Fight:

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With Swords of temper'd Steel,
 Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said;
 In Faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By *James* our *Scottish* King:

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous Knight,
 That ever I did see.

To *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
 Thy Proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any *Scot*,
 That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen
 Out of an *English* Bow,
 Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
 A deep and deadly Blow:

Who never spoke more Words than these,
 Fight on, my merry Men all;
 For why, my Life is at an End;
 Lord *Piercy* sees my Fall.

Then

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
 The dead Man by the Hand ;
 And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
 Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed,
 With Sorrow for thy Sake ;
 For sure, a more renowned Knight
 Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
 Which saw Earl *Douglas* dye,
 Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
 Upon the Earl *Piercy* :

Sir *Hugh Montgom'ry* was he call'd,
 Who, with a Spear most bright,
 Well-mounted on a gallant Steed,
 Ran fiercely thro' the Fight ;

And pass'd the *English* Archers all,
 Without all Dread or Fear ;
 And thro' Earl *Piercy's* Body then
 He thrust his hateful Spear :

With such a veh'ment Force and Might
 He did his Body gore,
 The Spear went through the other Side
 A large Cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these Nobles dye,
 Whose Courage none could stain.
 An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
 The Noble Earl was slain ;

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
 Made of a trusty Tree ;
 An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
 Up to the Head drew he :

Again

ainst Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
 So right his Shaft he set,
 The grey Goose-wing that was thereon,
 In his Heart's Blood was wet.

his Fight did last from Break of Day,
 Till Setting of the Sun;
 When they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,
 The Battel scarce was done.

With the Earl *Piercy*, there was slain
 Sir *John* of Ogerton,
 Robert *Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
 Sir *James* that bold Baron:

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
 Both Knights of good Account,
 And Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
 Whose Prowess did surmount.

With *With'rington* needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful Dumps;
 When his Legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas*, there was slain
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
 Charles *Currel*, that from the Field
 One Foot would never fly.

Charles *Murrel*, of *Ratcliff*, too,
 His Sister's Son was he;
 David *Lamb*, so well esteem'd,
 They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise
 Did with Earl *Douglas* dye:
 Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
 Scarce Fifty five did fly.

Of

Of Fifteen Hundred *English* Men,
 Went home but Fifty three ;
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chace*,
 Under the green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
 Their Husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a Thousand times,
 When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
 Where *Scotland's* King did reign,
 That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
 Was with an Arrow slain ;

O heavy News, King *James* did say ;
Scotland can Witness be,
 I have not any Captain more
 Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
 Within as short a Space,
 That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
 Was slain in *Chevy-Chace* ;

Now God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have, within my Realm,
 Five Hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say,
 But I will Vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

his Vow full well the King perform'd
 After, on *Humbledown*;
 One Day, Fifty Knights were slain,
 With Lords of great Renown :

And of the rest, of small Account,
 Did many Thousands die :
 Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chace*,
 Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless the Land
 In Plenty, Joy, and Peace ;
 And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
 Twixt Noblemen may cease.



XV. The

XV. The Banishment of the Dukes of
Hereford and Norfolk, in the Time
of King Richard the Second.

An Introduction to this Ballad is almost unnecessary; our Poet has either copied closely from History, or the Historians have borrow'd from our Poet in such a Manner that I scarce find one Point in which they differ. Some indeed there are, who will say it, that the Duke of Hereford accused the Duke of Norfolk; but this is sufficient contradicted by others. Nor is there a Probability of Truth in it; for neither he nor his Father had Veneration enough for King Richard, to do any such Thing; nor Affection, I believe, to forewarn him, of any Danger had threaten'd. This Duke of Hereford was Henry Bolingbroke, Son to John Duke of Lancaster, the King's Uncle; who married the sole Heiress of Hereford, and enjoy'd that Title and Estate in Right of his Wife. What follows, is the Challenge; of its being to be fought at Coventry; of a Stop being put to the Con-

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bat, when they had enter'd the Lists ; of their Banishment, and of Norfolk's Death ; is strictly true. Richard, during the Banishment of his Cousin, thought fit to reduce his Exile from Ten to Six Years : But the Duke of Lancaster dying in that Time ; and the King fearing, that if such a vast additional Estate should fall to his much injur'd Cousin, he might grow too formidable ; pronounc'd his Banishment perpetual, and seiz'd his whole Inheritance. But King Richard going afterwards on an Expedition into Ireland ; the Duke of Lancaster, who had assumed his Father's Titles, took that Opportunity of coming to England ; being invited by a great Number of the Nobility, and excited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Fellow Exile. He landed in Yorkshire, with about Twenty armed Men ; giving out, That he had no other Design, but to take Possession of his Inheritance. He was soon join'd by great Numbers : And the King's Friends endeavouring to raise Forces, in order to oppose him ; the People refused going out against him, thinking his Demands most just and reasonable. The Winds blowing directly contrary, Six whole Weeks pass'd, before King Richard could have any Notice of Lancaster's Landing in England ; by which Time, he was Master of a great Part of the Kingdom. Nor did the

OL. I. G King,

King, after the News was brought to him
 to make that Haste back he might, and ought
 to have done ; insomuch, that when he re-
 turn'd, he had no Army : And tho' some
 faithful Friends offer'd to join him, with
 their Vassals ; yet he absolutely refus'd it
 finding it was too late. For he had made
 the Clergy his Enemies ; and they took care
 to stir up the People against him ; and, prone
 to Change, insinuated the Happiness the
 might expect under the Duke of Lancaster.
 A Parliament being call'd, Articles were
 exhibited against King Richard ; who was
 depos'd in the most solemn Manner, and the
 Duke of Lancaster crown'd King, by the
 Name of Henry the Fourth. The Coro-
 nation-Sermon was preach'd by the Arch-
 bishop of Canterbury, who came over with
 him to England : And Richard seeing this
 formally resign'd his Crown, on the 30th
 Day of September, in the Year 1399, and
 in the Twenty third of his Reign ; be-
 ing at that Time about Thirty three Years
 of Age.

TWO Noble Dukes of great Renown,
 That long had liv'd in Fame,
 Thro' hateful Envy were cast down,
 And brought to sudden Shame.

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The Duke of *Hereford* was one,
A prudent Prince, and wise ;
Against whom such Malice oft was shown,
Which soon in Sight did rise.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, most untrue,
Declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew
In Hatred of each Thing,

Which by his Grace was acted still
Against both High and Low ;
And how he had a trait'rous Will,
His State to overthrow.

The Duke of *Hereford* then, in Haste,
Was sent for to the King ;
And, by the Lords in Order plac'd,
Examin'd of each Thing:

Who being guiltless of this Crime,
Which was against him laid :
The Duke of *Norfolk*, at that Time,
These Words unto him said:

How can'st thou, with a shameless Face,
Deny a Truth so stout ;
And here, before his Royal Grace,
So falsely face it out ?

Did not these wicked Treasons pass,
When we together were ;
How that the King unworthy was
The Royal Crown to bear ?

Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,
And you his Noble Peers,
To whom I wish long Life to be,
With many happy Years :

I do pronounce before you all,
 This treach'rous Lord that's here,
 A Traytor to our Noble King ;
 As Time shall shew it clear.

The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,
 In Mind was grieved much ;
 And did return this Answer flat,
 Which did Duke *Norfolk* touch :

The Term of Traytor, truthless Duke,
 In Scorn and great Disdain,
 With flat Defiance to thy Face,
 I do return again :

And therefore, if it please your Grace
 To grant me Leave (quoth he)
 To combat with my deadly Foe,
 That here accuseth me ;

I do not doubt but plainly prove,
 That, like a perjur'd Knight,
 He hath most falsly sought my Shame,
 Against all Truth and Right.

The King did grant this just Request,
 And did therewith agree,
 At *Coventry*, in *August* next,
 This Combat fought should be.

The Dukes on sturdy Steeds full stout,
 In Coats of Steel most bright,
 With Spears in Rests, did enter Lists,
 This Combat fierce to fight.

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The King then cast his Warden down,
 Commanding them to stay;
 And with his Lords he Counsel took,
 To stint that mortal Fray.

At length unto these Noble Dukes
 The King of Herald's came,
 And unto them with lofty Speech,
 This Sentence did proclaim:

Sir Henry Bolingbroke, this Day,
 The Duke of Hereford, here,
 And Thomas Mowbray, Norfolk Duke,
 Valiantly did appear;

And having, in honourable Sort,
 Repaired to this Place;
 Our Noble King, for special Cause,
 Hath alter'd thus the Case:

First, Henry Duke of Hereford,
 E'r Fifteen Days be past,
 Shall part the Realm on Pain of Death,
 While Ten Years Space doth last.

And Thomas Duke of Norfolk, now,
 That hath begun this Strife,
 And thereof no good Proof can bring;
 I say, for Term of Life,

By Judgment of our Sovereign Lord,
 Which now in Place doth stand,
 For evermore I banish thee
 Out of thy Native Land.

The

Charging thee, on Pain of Death,
 When Fifteen Days are past,
 Thou never tread on *English* Ground,
 So long as Life doth last.

Thus they were sworn before the King,
 Ere they did farther pass,
 The one should never come in Place
 Where as the other was.

Then both the Dukes, with heavy Hearts,
 Were parted presently,
 Their uncouth Streams of froward Chance
 In Foreign Lands to try.

The Duke of *Norfolk* coming then
 Where he could Shipping take,
 The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,
 And thus his Moan did make:

Now let me sigh and sob my Fill,
 Ere I from hence depart,
 That inward Pangs with Speed may burst
 My sore afflicted Heart.

Oh cursed Man! whose loathed Life
 Is held so much in Scorn;
 Whose Company is clean despis'd,
 And left as one forlorn!

Now take thy Leave, and last Adieu,
 Of this thy Country dear;
 Which never more thou must behold,
 Nor yet approach it near.

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Now happy should I count my self,
 If Death my Heart had torn ;
 That I might have my Bones entomb'd,
 Where I was bred and born :

Or that by *Neptune's* wrathful Rage,
 I might be forc'd to dye ;
 Whilst that sweet *England's* pleasant Banks
 Did stand before mine Eye :

How sweet a Scent hath *English* Ground
 Within my Senses now ?

How fair unto my outward Sight
 Seems ev'ry Branch and Bough ?

The Fields and Flow'rs, the Streets and Stones,
 Seem such unto my Mind,
 That in all other Countries, sure,
 The like I ne're shall find.

O that the Sun, with shining Face,
 Would stay his Steeds by Strength ;
 That this same Day might stretched be
 To Twenty Years in Length !

And that the true-performing Tide
 Her hasty Course would stay ;
 That *Æolus* would never yield
 To bear me hence away,
 That by the Fountain of my Eyes
 The Fields might water'd be ;
 That I might grave my grievous Plaint
 Upon each springing Tree.

But Time, I see, with Eagle's Wings
 So swift doth fly away ;
 And dusky Clouds begin to dim
 The Brightness of the Day :

The fatal Hour draweth on,
 The Winds and Tides agree ;
 And now, sweet *England*, over soon
 I must depart from thee.

The Mariners have hoisted Sail,
 And call to catch me in ;
 And now, in woful Heart, I feel
 My Torments to begin.

Wherefore, Farewel for evermore,
 Sweet *England*, unto thee ;
 And farewel all my Friends, which I
 Again shall never see.

O *England*, here I kiss the Ground
 Upon my bended Knee !
 Whereby to shew to all the World
 How dearly I love thee.

This being said, away he went
 As Fortune did him guide ;
 And at the length, thro' Grief of Heart,
 In *Venice* there he dy'd.

The Noble Duke, in doleful Sort,
 Did lead his Life in *France* ;
 And, at the last, the mighty Lord
 Did him full high advance.

The Lords
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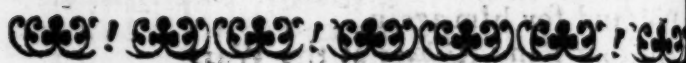
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The Lords of *England* afterwards
 Did send for him again,
 While that King *Richard* at the Wars
 In *Ireland* did remain ;

Who, by the vile and great Abuse
 Which thro' his Deeds did spring,
 Deposed was ; and then the Duke
 Was truly crowned King.





XVI. Sir *Richard Whittington's* Advancement.

B E I N G

An Historical Account of his Education, unexpected Fortune, Charity, &c.

To the Tune of, *Dainty came thou to me.*

There is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a *Romantick Appearance* in the History of *Whittington*, that I shall not chuse to relate it ; but refer my credulous Readers to common Tradition, or to the *Penny-Histories*. Certain it is, that there was such a Man ; a Citizen of London, by Trade a Mercer ; and one who has left Publick Edifices, and Charitable Workmenow behind him, to transmit his Name to Posterity. Amongst others, he founded a House of Prayer ; with an Allowance for

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a Master, Fellows, Choristers, Clerks, &c. and an Alms-House for Thirteen poor Men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome Prison, which then was standing at the West Gate of the City, and call'd it Newgate. He built the better Half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield; and the fine Library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: As also a great Part of the East End of Guildhall, with a Chapel and a Library; in which the Records of the City might be kept. He was chosen Sheriff, in the Seventeenth Year of the Reign of King Richard the Second, and of the Christian Era 1393; William Stondon, by Trade a Grocer, being then Mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the One and Twentieth Year of the same Reign, he was chosen Mayor. Which Honour was again conferr'd on him in the Eighth Year of King Henry the Fourth, and the Seventh of King Henry the Fifth. 'Tis said of him, That he advanc'd a very considerable Sum of Money, towards carrying on the War in France, under this last Monarch. He marry'd Alice, the Daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose House, Traditions say, Whittington liv'd a Servant, when he got his immense Riches by venturing his Cat in one of his Master's Ships.

Ships. However, if we may give Credit to his own Will, he was a Knight's Son; and more obliged to an English King, and Prince, than to any African Monarch, for his Riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a Maintenance for so many People, as above related; they were, as Stow records it, (for this Maintenance) bound to pray for the good Estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his Wife, their Founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and Dame Joan his Wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molde his Wife; the Fathers and Mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice his Wife: For King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Special Lords and Promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.

Here must I tell the Praise
Of worthy *Whittington*,
Known to be in his Days
Thrice Lord-Mayor of *London*.

But of poor Parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender Age
Bred up in *Lancashire*,

Poorly

Poorly to London then
 Came up this simple Lad;
 Where, with a Merchant-Man,
 Soon he a Dwelling had;

And in a Kitchen plac'd,
 A Scullion for to be;
 Where a long Time he pass'd
 In Labour drudgingly.

His daily Service was
 Turning at the Fire;
 And to scour Pots of Brass,
 For a poor Scullion's Hire:

Meat and Drink all his Pay,
 Of Coin he had no Store;
 Therefore to run away,
 In secret Thought he bore.

So from the Merchant-Man,
 Whittington secretly
 Towards his Country ran,
 To purchase Liberty.

But as he went along,
 In a fair Summer's Morn,
 London's Bells sweetly rung
 Whittington's back Return;

Evermore sounding so,
 Turn again, Whittington;
 For thou, in Time, shalt grow
 Lord-Mayor of London.

Where-

Whereupon, back again
Whittington came with Speed,
 A Servant to remain,
 As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the Bells,
 This was his daily Song ;
 This my good Fortune tells,
 Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,
 I will not prove unkind ;
London my Love shall see,
 And my large Bounties find:

But, see his happy Chance !
 This Scullion had a Cat,
 Which did his State advance,
 And by it Wealth he gat.

His Master ventur'd forth,
 To a Land far unknown,
 With Merchandize of Worth,
 As is in Stories shown :

Whittington had no more
 But this poor Cat as then,
 Which to the Ship he bore,
 Like a brave valiant Man :

Vent'ring the same, quoth he,
 I may get Store of Gold,
 And Mayor of *London* be,
 As the Bells have me told:

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Whittington's Merchandise,
Carried to a Land
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
As they did understand;

The King of the Country there,
As he at Dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in Fear
Of many Mouse and Rat.

Meat that on Trenchers lay,
No Way they could keep safe;
But by Rats bore away,
Fearing no Wand or Staff;

Whereupon, soon they brought
Whittington's nimble Cat;
Which by the King was bought,
Heaps of Gold giv'n for that.

Home again came these Men,
With their Ship laden so,
Whittington's Wealth began
By this Cat thus to grow;

Scullion's Life he forsook,
To be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look
How well his Credit stood.

After that, he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher as did appear:

For,

For, to the City's Praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his Days
Thrice Mayor of London.

More his Fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the King,
To maintain War in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a Feast
Which he the King did make,
He burnt the Bonds all in Jest,
And would no Money take.

Ten Thousand Pounds he gave
To his Prince willingly;
And would no Penny have
For this kind Courtesy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor People fed with Meat,
To shew his Charity:

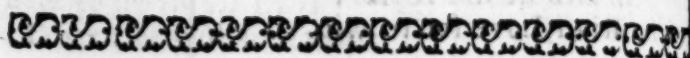
Prisoners poor cherish'd were,
Widows sweet Comfort found;
Good Deeds, both far and near,
Of him do still resound.

Whittington's College is
One of his Charities;
Record reporteth this,
To lasting Memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
 For Prisoners to lye in ;
 Christ-Church he did repair,
 Christian Love for to win.

Many more such like Deeds
 Were done by *Whittington* ;
 Which Joy and Comfort breeds,
 To such as look thereon.





XVII. CUPID'S REVENGE.

O R,

An Account of a King who slighted all
Women, and at length was con-
strain'd to marry a Beggar, who
prov'd a Fair and Virtuous Queen.

To the Tune of, *I often for my Jenny strove.*

Upon the first Reading of this Ballad, I took
the Story for the Invention of some Poet
who would not give himself the Trouble of
turning History over, to find out a proper
Subject; and I had actually laid it aside
amongst the fabulous Songs: But upon a Se-
cond Review, I found myself mistaken; at
least, I have good Reason to believe myself
so. And having since communicated my
Thoughts to some good Judges, they assur'd
me I was in the right; and that the Bal-

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had was writ upon the Marriage of King Henry the Sixth. That I may not advance any Opinion, without giving some Grounds for it ; I shall let my Readers into the Reasons, which induc'd me to think it was written on him,

— He despis'd the sweetest Beauty ;

And the greatest Fortune too.

At length, he marry'd to a Beggar.

There is no one so very ignorant of History, as not to know that this Monarch was betrothed to the Count of Arminiac's Daughter ; a fine Lady, with whom he was to have a considerable Portion, besides several Towns and Castles in Aquitain, which belong'd to King Henry's Ancestors. But the Duke of Suffolk, without Orders, negotiated a Marriage between his Master and the Daughter of Rayner, Duke of Anjou, a mighty Titular Prince ; for he stil'd himself King of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Naples ; but, with all his Titles, so very poor, that he could not give his Daughter a Dowry : And King Henry was obliged, in Favour of this Marriage, to renounce his best Dominions in France ; which our Poet (I suppose)
hints

hints at, in his throwing a Purse of Gold
to the Beggar.

Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,
Altho' She came of Parents poor :
She, by her Sovereign Lord the King,
Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

'Tis very well known, that no Woman supported the Royal Character with more Courage and Dignity than Queen Margaret did. If any one would see her Character at large I would refer 'em to Mr. Philips's Tragedy of Duke Humphrey. This Queen had but one Child, Prince Henry ; who was slain at Tewksbury, by Richard Duke of Gloucester, Brother to King Edward the Fourth : So that the last Stanza is not consistent with History. But we must remember, That a Poet who is writing on a Subject which he dares not own, must so disguise the Truth, as not to let his Song be entirely applicable to a Prince on the Throne, or to one who had still Potent Friends living : And for that Reason, our Poet begun with telling us, that he was writing of a Foreign Monarch ; and concludes, with setting the Prince on the Throne.

A King

A King once reign'd beyond the Seas,
 As we in ancient Stories find,
 Whom no fair Face could ever please;
 He cared not for Womankind :

He despis'd the sweetest Beauty,
 And the greatest Fortune too :
 At length he married to a Beggar ;
 See what *Cupid's* Dart can do !

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,
 Did to his Closet-Window steal ;
 And drew a Dart, and shot at him,
 And made him soon his Power feel.

He that never car'd for Women,
 But did Females ever hate ;
 At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,
 For a Beggar at his Gate.

To mark what happen'd on a Day,
 As he look'd from his Window high,
 He spy'd a Beggar all in Grey,
 With Two more in her Company :

She

She his Fancy soon enflamed,
 And his Heart was grieved fore ;
 What ! must I have her, court her, crave her ?
 I that never lov'd before.

This Noble Prince of High Renown,
 Did to his Chamber strait repair,
 And on his Couch he laid him down,
 Oppress'd with Love-sick Grief and Care.

Ne'er was a Monarch so surprized ;
 Here I lye her Captive Slave !
 But I'll to her, court her, wooe her ;
 She must heal the Wound she gave.

Then to his Palace-Gate he goes :
 The Beggars crave his Charity ;
 A Purse of Gold to them he throws ;
 With thankful Hearts away they hye.

But the King he call'd her to him,
 Tho' she was but poor and mean ;
 His Hand did hold her, while he told her,
 She should be his stately Queen.

this she blushed Scarlet red,
 And on this mighty King did gaze!
 Then strait again as pale as Lead;
 Alas, she was in such Amaze!

and in Hand they walk'd together;
 And the King did kindly say,
 That he'd respect her: Strait they deck'd her
 In most sumptuous rich Array.

He did appoint the Wedding-Day;
 And likewise then commanded strait
 The Noble Lords and Ladies gay
 Upon his gracious Queen to wait.

He appear'd a splendid Beauty;
 All the Court did her adore;
 And in a Marriage with a Carriage,
 As if she'd been a Queen before.

Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,
 Altho' she came of Parents poor:
 By her Sov'reign Lord the King,
 Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

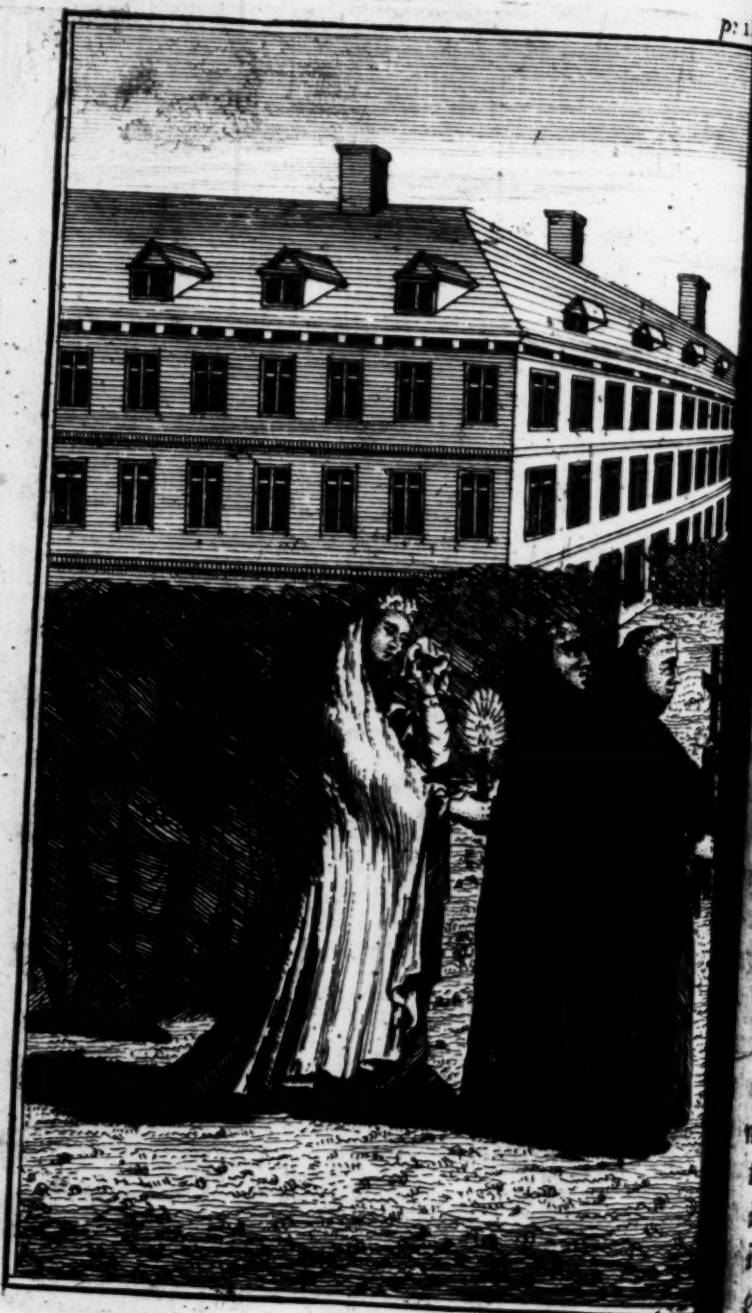
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All the Nobles were well pleased,
 And the Ladies frank and free;
 For her Behaviour always gave her
 Title to her Dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid
 Together in a silent Tomb;
 Their Royal Son their Sceptre sway'd,
 Who govern'd in his Father's Room.

Long in Glory did he flourish,
 Wealth and Honour to increase;
 Still possessing such a Blessing,
 That he liv'd and reign'd in Peace.





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The Woeful Lamentation of *Jane Shore*, a Goldsmith's Wife in *London*, sometime King *Edward* the Fourth's Concubine.

To the Tune of, *Live with me*,

The Heroine of the following Song was a Citizen's Daughter, a young Gentlewoman whose Youth, Beauty and Virtue were her chief Portion. She was sought in Marriage by one Matthew Shore, a Goldsmith in Lombard-street, but was, they assure us, very averse to the Match, he being then an Elderly Man; but as he was vastly rich, her Friends importun'd her, and she at length marry'd him; and appearing now in an open Shop, and in several Parts of the City, I suppose, more frequently than she was used to do, the Fame of her Beauty soon spread Abroad, and reach'd the Ears of King Edward IV. who made his Addresses and won her. Upon this her Husband left England, and she immediately went to Court, where she liv'd in the most gay and sumptuous manner imaginable, nothing but Feasts and Dancing; and the King was wont to say that a merrier Harlot never liv'd. Several Historians tell us that during Edward's Life-time

H

she

*She never employ'd her Power to do any one
 an Injury or ill Office, but made it her
 whole Study to do all the Good she could;
 that she comforted the Distress'd, reliev'd
 the Poor, cloath'd the Naked, and succour'd
 the Widow and Orphans. After the Death
 of Edward, she was kept by the Lord Ha-
 stings 'till he was condemn'd, and then her
 House was rifled by the Sheriffs of London,
 all she had seiz'd upon, and she forc'd to do
 Publick Pennance in a White Sheet by the
 Bishop of London's Order, marching to her
 Parish Church in her Ghostly Dress, with
 a lighted Taper in her Hand. The Writers
 of that Age tells us, she suffer'd thus for
 not complying with Richard's Request in
 moving Hastings to forsake Edward's
 Children, and embrace his Cause: But
 there are others who differ very much in
 Opinion from those, and who will not allow
 Richard to have been the Tyrant he is ge-
 nerally represented. To prove this they urge
 that the Nation was overwhelm'd with Ig-
 norance, and that scarce a Man in it was
 able to write, the Monks excepted, who
 therefore had it wholly in their Power to
 represent People just as they pleas'd; that
 neither Richard the Second nor the Third
 were great Friends to Churchmen, and that
 for this Reason their Accounts cannot be
 look'd upon as Authentick, being more
 grounded upon Malice and Resentment than
 upon direct Fact. They add, that some of*

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the Monks taking Occasion to cry out against the Heinousness of Adultery, and exclaiming against Jane Shore, she was deliver'd over to the Spiritual Power, to be us'd just as they pleas'd, and that done, they laid her Usage to King Richard's Charge, as a fresh Instance of his Tyranny. I shall not pretend to determine any thing in a Case of this Nature, but having related what is urg'd by both Parties, I shall leave every Body to judge for themselves, and proceed to the Song itself. Mr. Rowe seems to have a great regard to the Authority of this old Ballad, and has follow'd it more nearly than any History we have extant; even Mrs. Blague, (tho' I believe mention is made of her no where else) he has, with some Additions, improv'd into a principal Character, and shewn us all that is said of this Woman in the ungrateful Alicia. Whilst I am quoting Mr. Rowe, it may perhaps be expected that I should take Notice of his having made Jane Shore resist the Temptations of Hastings, and continue Virtuous after the Death of Edward, to the last; but the Judicious will allow that to be no Authority at all. A Poet has the liberty, in a Dramatick Piece to vary as much as he pleases from History, at least as much as his Play requires he should. Jane Shore's Misfortunes were all that Mr. Rowe had to raise Compassion from, had he made her a common Stumpet, none of his Audierce

would have pitied her ; but having made
her Good and Virtuous, there is scarce any
one can refuse to pay her a Tear : Her
only apearant fault there being her yielding
to a Monarch's Love, a Temptation few
could have resisted.

IF *Rosalmond* that was so fair,
Had Cause her Sorrows to declare,
Then let *Fane Shore* with Sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a King,
Then wanton Wives in time Amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.

In Maiden Years my Beauty bright,
Was loved dear by Lord and Knight,
But yet the Love that they requir'd,
It was not as my Friends desired.
Then wanton Wives, &c.

My Parents they for Thirst of Gain,
A Husband for me did obtain ;
And I their Pleasures to fulfil,
Was forc'd to Wed against my Will.

To *Matthew Shore* I was a Wife,
'Till Lust brought Ruin to my Life :
And then my Life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my Soul for to lament.

In *Lombard street* I once did dwell,
As *London* yet can witness tell,
Where many Gallants did behold
My Beauty in a Shop of Gold.

I spread my Plumes as Wantons do,
Some sweet and secret Friend to woo,
Because my Love I did not find
Agreeing to my Wanton Mind.

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At last my Name in Court did ring
 Into the Ears of *England's King*,
 Who came and lik'd, and Love requir'd,
 But I made coy what he desired :

Yet Mistress *Blague*, a Neighbour near,
 Whose Friendship I esteemed dear,
 Did say, *It is a gallant thing*
 To be beloved of a *King*,

By her Perswasions I was led,
 For to disfile my Marriage-Bed,
 And wrong my wedded Husband *Shore*,
 Whom I had lov'd ten Years before.

In Heart and Mind I did rejoyce,
 That I had made so sweet a choice ;
 And therefore did my my State resign,
 To be King *Edward's* Concubine.

From City then to Court I went,
 To reap the Pleasures of Content ;
 And had the Joys that Love could bring,
 And knew the Secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
 Commanding *Edward* with mine Eye,
 For Mrs. *Blague* I in short space,
 Obtain'd a Living from his Grace.

No Friend I had but in short time
 I made unto Promotion climb ;
 But yet for all this costly Pride,
 My Husband could not me abide.

His Bed, tho' wronged by a King,
 His Heart with deadly Grief did sting ;
 From *England* then he goes away,
 To end his Life upon the Sea.

He could not live to see his Name
Impaired by my wanton Shame ;
Altho' a Prince of Peerless Might
Did reap the Pleasure of his Right.

Long time I lived in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great fort,
And when I smil'd all Men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew sad.

But yet an honest Mind I bore
To helpless People, that were poor ;
I still redress'd the Orphan's Cry,
And sav'd their Lives condemn'd to dye.

I still had ruth on Widows Tears,
I succour'd Babes of tender Years ;
And never look'd for other Gain,
But Love and Thanks for all my Pain.

At last my Royal King did dye,
And then my Days of Woe grew nigh ;
When *Crook-back Richard* got the Crown,
King *Edward's* Friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my Sin,
That I so long lived in ;
Yea, every one that was his Friend,
This Tyrant brought to shameful End.

Then for my rude and wanton Life,
That made a Strumpet of a Wife,
I Penance did in *Lombard-street*,
In shameful manner in a Sheet.

Where many Thousands did me view,
Who late in Court my Credit knew ;
Which made the Tears run down my Face,
To think upon my foul Disgrace.

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Not thus content, they took from me
My Goods, my Livings, and my Fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any Succour to me give.

Then unto Mistrifs *Blague* I went,
To whom my Jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my Want,
When Riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my Need for them I came ;
To recompence my former Love,
Out of her Doors she did me shove.

So Love did vanish with my State,
Which now my Soul repents too late ;
Therefore Example take by me,
For Friendship parts in Poverty.

But yet one Friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And sav'd his Life, condemn'd to dye,
Did give me Food to succour me.

For which, by Law, it was decree'd
That he was hanged for that Deed ;
His Death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dy'd my self therefore.

Those then to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any Food ;
Whereby I begg'd all Day,
And still in Streets by Night I lay.

My Gowns beset with Pearl and Gold,
Were turn'd to simple Garments old ;
My Chains and Jems and golden Rings,
To filthy Rags and loathsome Things.

Thus was I scorn'd of Maid and Wife,
For leading such a wicked Life ;
Both sucking Babes, and Children small,
Did make a Pastime at my Fall.

I could not get one Bit of Bread,
Whereby my Hunger might be fed,
Nor Drink, but such as Channels yield,
Or stinking Ditches in the Field;

Thus, weary of my Life, at length
I yielded up my vital Strength,
Within a Ditch of loathsome Scent,
Where Car rion Dogs do much frequent :

The which now since my dying Day,
Is Storeditch call'd as Writers say,
Which is a Witness of my Sin,
For being Concubine to a King.

You wanton Wives that fall to Lust,
Be you assur'd that God is Just ;
Whoredom shall not escape his Hand,
Nor Pride unpunish'd in this Land.

If God to me such Shame did bring,
That yielded only to a King,
How shall they 'scape that daily run
To practise Sin with every Man ?

You Husbands match not, but for Love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;
Women be warn'd when you are Wives,
What Plagues are due to sinful Lives :

*Then Maids and Wives in time amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.*

King



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King Edward and Jane Shore.

In Imitation, and to the Tune of St. George
and the Dragon.

I have already said all that I have to say of this unhappy Lady. The following Song is a Burlesque upon her, but rather seems written by a Wag than an Enemy to her Memory. There are some little Expressions in it which had almost induced me to lay the Song aside ; but I consider'd that it was really old, and therefore ought to be preserv'd, and that I might have Readers of several Humours, so that this Ballad might hit the Taste of those who probably would not relish one more grave and solid. This little Introduction I have thrown in for the Service of the Ladies, that they may not unwarily go to read or sing this Song, unless by themselves.

WHY should we boast of *Lains* and his Knights
Knowing such Champions entrapt by
(Whorish Lights?)

Or why should we speak of *Thais's* curled Locks,

Or *Rhodope* that gave so many Men the P--x?

Read in old Stories, and there you will find,

How *Jane Shore Jane Shore*, the pleas'd King *Ed-*
ward's Mind,

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Queen* Frederick,
(was for France,
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Of the old *Amazons* it were too long to tell,
 And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls how far they did
 excel.
 Those with *Scythian* Lads engag'd in several Fights,
 And in the brave *Venerean* Wars did foil advent'rous
 (Knights ;
Messalina and *Julia* were Vessels wond'rous brittle ;
 But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, took down King *Edwards*
 (Mettle.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

Thalestris of *Thermodon* she was a doubty Weight,
 She conquer'd *Pallas* King in 'h' Exercise of Night,
Hercules slew the Dragon, whose Teeth were all of
 (Brass,
 Yet he himself became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Laïs
 The *Theban* *Semele* lay with *Jove* not dreading all
 (his 'Thunder
 But *Jane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he
 (had her under

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

Hellen of *Greece* she came of *Spartan* Blood,
Agricola and *Cressida* they were brave Whores and
 (good

Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew old *Arthur's* might
 (So

And fair *Hestione* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon*
 Those were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Sack
 But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she spoil'd King *Edward*
 (Each

Jane Shore *she was for* England, &c.

For this the ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,
 Because with her own Father *Jove* she feared not to lye,
 Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his lo-
 (ving Mother,
 And made kind *Bibilis* do the like with *Cannus* her
 (own Brother ;
 And afterwards the Goddess kept *Adonis* for reserve,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she stretch'd King *Ed-*
 (ward's Nerve.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

The *Colchian* Dame *Medea* her Father did betray,
 And taught her Lover *Jason* the vigilant Bull to slay ;
 And after thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece
 She with her Lover sail'd away in *Argo's* Ship to
 Greece ;
 But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his Wife and Court
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she shew'd King *Ed-*
 (ward Sport.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Romix of *Saxony*, the *Welch* State overthrew ;
Merne of *Cornwall*, *Pendragon* did subdue ;
Queen Vanora with *Arthus* fought singly hand to hand
 In Bed, tho' Afterwards she made Horns on his Head
 (to stand,
 And to Sir *Modredus*, *Pittish* Prince, a Paramour be-
 (came.
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward*
 (tame

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Maresia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes
 With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and tripple Crown-
 (ed Popes ;

And

And with King *Henry Rosamond* spent many a dally
 "Till lastly poyson'd by the Queen in *Woodstock* f
 And *Joan of Art* play'd in the dark with the Knight
 But *Jane Shore* met King *Edward*, and gave him
 (Knock for Knock

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Pasiphae we know play'd Feats with the *Cretan Bull*
 And *Proserpine*, tho' so Divine, became black *Pluto*
 The *Spanish Bawd* her Strumpets taught to lay the
 But these, and all the Courtezans, *Jane Shore* d
 Pope *Joan* was right, altho' she did the Papal See
 But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward*

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Agathoclea and *Aenthe*a did govern *Egypt's King*
 The witty Wench of *Andover* she was a pretty thing
 She freely took her Lady's Place, and with *Gre*
 And with main Force she foil'd him quite, altho'
 For which brave Act, he that her rackt gave her
 But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did comma

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

OF *Phryne* and of *Lais* Historians have related,
 How the illustrious Beauties two Generals captivate

And they that in the Days of Yore kill' Men, an
 (sack'd their Citie
 In Honour of their Mistresses, compos'd amorous
 (Ditties;
 Let *Flora* gay, with *Romans* play and be a Goddess
 (call'd ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthrall'd
Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter, Harlot of Normandy
 She only had the Happiness to please Duke *Robert's*
 (Eye ;
 And *Roxalina* tho' a Slave, and born a Grecian,
 Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignor
 (*Soliman* ;
 And *Naples Joan* would make them groan, that ar-
 (dently did love'r ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* he did
 (shove'r.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Aspatia doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,
 Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lapthean* Boy, *Jane Shore*
 (shall rule the roast.
Cleopatra lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Browna* she did
 (Feats ;
 But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but merely
 (Cheats :
 Brave *Carpit-Knights* in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk
 (white Rapiers drew ;
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue.

Jane Shore, she was for England, &c.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother, was *Gathermard*, Den-
 (mark's Queen,
 And *Circe*, that enchanting Witch, the like was
 (scarcely seen ;
 Warlike

Warlike *Penthesila* was an *Amazonian Whore*,
To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her

(adore ;
But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd nine
(Victories,

Was like a Bond-slave fetter'd within *Jane Shore's*
(All-conquering Thighs.

Jane Shore she was for *England*, *Queen Frederick*
(was for *France* ;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.



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A True Relation of the Death of
Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate and
Rover on the Sea.

To the Tune of, *Come follow my Love.*

If we read the *Accounts* given us of this Sir Andrew Barton, by the English and Scotch Historians, we shall scarce be able to persuade our selves that they are talking of the same Man: The former represent him as a common Rover, who was justly punish'd for his Piracy, the latter as one who by Permission of his King was out at Sea to make Reprisals on the Portuguese, who had injur'd him. Should I pretend to give any Account of him, and lean to the side of either Historian, I should probably be thought guilty of Prejudice or Partiality, and for this Reason I shall give a faithful Abstract of what they both say.

In the third Year of Henry VIII's Reign, say the English, one Andrew Barton, a Scotch Pyrate infested the Seas, and robb'd the English, as he did all other Nations but his own, upon which Sir Edward Howard, King Henry's Admiral, was sent out against him, who in Battle wounded him, of which he dy'd,
and

and taking two of his Ships, brought the Cre
 Prisoners to London; but King Henry
 out of his great Clemency, tho' they deser
 ved Death, pardon'd them all, and sen
 them Home again, notwithstanding which
 the Scottish King, James VI. sent to demand
 Restitution; but King Henry answer'd
 That, far from expecting such a Message,
 thought the Herald was come to return his
 Thanks for sparing the Lives of so many
 Scotchmen, who had deserv'd Death.

On the other Hand, Buchanan says, That
 was a Merchant whose Father had been
 murder'd, and his Ship rifled by the Portu
 guese; that the Murder being committed in
 Flanders, Andrew sued them there, and gain'd
 his Cause, but the Portuguese refusing to pay
 what they were fin'd, and their King not com
 pelling 'em, tho' a Herald has been sent from
 King James to demand Satisfaction, Barton
 obtain'd leave to arm against 'em and put out
 to Sea; that the Portuguese, who then were
 in strict Alliance with the English, perswa
 ded King Henry to destroy Barton, who at
 that time might perhaps fall on his Merchants as
 so, and that Thomas Howard, the English
 Admiral, was sent out with two strong Ships
 against him, who took an Opportunity of fall
 ing upon Barton when he was on Board a
 very little Ship, and was follow'd by a lesser
 and yet had much ado to overcome him
 adding, that Barton was a Man of such
 Courage, that when his Case was desperate

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tho' he had several Wounds, and one of his Legs was broken by a Cannon Bullet, yet he took a Drum, and beat an Alarm, or Charge, to his Men to encourage them to fight valiantly, and this he did till his Strength and Life fail'd him together. The Prisoners who were taken in the Engagement, he says, were brought to London, and being instructed by the English, they humbly begg'd their Lives of the King, and he in a proud Ostentation of his great Clemency dismiss'd and sent the poor innocent Souls away. Ambassadors, he adds, were sent to complain of this Violence, but King Henry justify'd what he had done, by asserting, that they were Pyrates.

cannot forbear observing one thing, which is, That Buchanan himself acknowledges, that our Admiral took these Ships in the Downs; and supposing all that he has said to be true, and that Barton fell only on the Portuguele, he could have no Business on the English Coast, unless to take 'em as they enter'd our Ports, by which he spoiled our Commerce with Portugal, and might therefore be as justly look'd upon by our Merchants as a Pirate, as if he had actually taken their Ships. However, this very Action bred such Heart burnings and jealousies between the two Kings, that it laid the Seeds of War between their Kingdoms, which shortly after broke out.

When

When *Flora* with her fragrant Flowers
 Bedeck'd the Earth so trim and gay,
 And *Iris* with her dainty Showers
 Came to present the Month of *May*.
 King *Henry* would a Hunting ride,
 Over the River of *Thames* pass'd he,
 Unto a Mountain Top also
 Did walk some Pleasure for to see;

Where forty Merchants he espy'd,
 With fifty Sail come towards him,
 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
 But on their Knees did thus complain:
*An't please your Grace, we cannot sail
 To France a Voyage to be sure,
 But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
 And robs us of our Merchant-Ware.*

Vex'd wasthe King, and turning him,
 Said to the Lords of high Degree,
*Have I ne'er a Lord within my Realm,
 Dares fetch that Traytor unto me?*
 To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,
 I will, my Leige, with Heart and Hand,
*If't please you grant me leave, said he,
 I will perform what you command.*

To him then spoke King *Henry*,
 I fear, my Lord, you are too young.
 No whit at all, my Leige, quoth he,
 I hope to prove in Valour strong.
 The *Scotch* Knight now I vow to seek,
 In what Place soe'er he be,
 And bring Ashore with all his might,
 Or into *Scotland* he shall carry me.

Ab

hundred Men, *the King then said,*
 Out of my Realm shall chosen be ;
 Besides Sailors and Ship-boys,
 To guide a great Ship on the Sea ;
 Women and Gunners of good Skill,
 Shall for this service chosen be ;
 And they at thy Command and Will,
 In all Affairs shall wait on thee.

Lord *Howard* call'd a Gunner then,
 Who was the best in all the Realm,
 His Age was Threescore Years and ten,
 And *Peter Simon* was his Name :
 My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,
 Whose Active Hands had gained Fame
 Gentleman born in *Yorkshire*,
 And *William Horsely* was his Name.

Horsely, quoth he, I must to Sea.
 To seek a Traytor with good speed,,
 A hundred Bow-men brave, quoth he
 I chosen thee to be the Head,
 You, My Lord, have chosen me
 Of a Hundred Men to be the Head:
 Upon the Main-mast I'll hanged be,
 If Twelvescore I miss one Shilling's breadth,

Lord *Howard* then of Courage bold,
 Went to the Sea with pleasant cheer,
 But curb'd with Winter's piercing Cold,
 Tho' 'twas the stormy Time of Year,
 So long he had been on the Sea,
 More in Days than Number three,
 At one *Harry Hunt* there he espy'd,
 A Merchant of *Newcastle* was he ;

Ab To him Lord *Howard* call'd out amain,
 And strikily charged him to stand,
 Demanding then from whence he came,
 Or where he did intend to land.

The

The Merchant then made Answer soon,
With heavy Heart and careful Mind,
My Lord, My Ship it doth belong
Unto Newcastle upon Tyne.

Can'st thou shew me, the Lord did say,
As thou didst sail by Day and Night,
A *Scottish Rover* on the Sea,
His Name is *Andrew Barton*, Knight?
At this the Merchant sigh'd and said,
With griev'd Mind and well away,
But over-well I know that Wight,
I was his Prisoner Yesterday.

As I, *my Lord*, did sail from *France*,
A *Bourdeaux* Voyage to take so far,
I met with Sir *Andrew Barton* thence,
Who robb'd me of my Merchant-ware
And mickle Debts God knows I owe,
And every Man doth crave his own,
And I am bound to *London* now,
Of our gracious King to beg a Boon.

Shew me him, *said Lord Howard then*,
Let me once the Villian see,
And e'ery Penny he hath from thee ta'en,
I'll double the same with Shillings three.
Now God forbid, *the Merchant said*,
I fear your Aim that you will miss,
God bless you from his Tyranny,
For little you think what Man he is.

He is Brass within, and Steel without,
His Ship most huge and mighty strong
With eighteen Pieces of Ordnance,
He carries on each side along:
With Beams for his Top Castle,
As being all huge and high,
That neither *English* nor *Portugal*
Can Sir *Anerew Barton* pass by.

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ard News thou show'st *then said the Lord*
 To welcome Strangers to the Sea ;
 as I said, I'll bring him Aboard,
 Or into *Scotland* he shall carry me.
The Merchant said, If you will do so,
 Take Councel then I pray withal,
 Let no Man to his Top-castle go,
 Nor strive to let his Beams down fall.

and me seven Pieces of Ordnance then,
 On each side of my Ship, *said he*,
 And by to Morrow, *my good Lord*,
 Again I will your Honour see :
 A Glass I set as may be seen,
 Whether you sail by Day or Night,
 And to Morrow 'be sure before seven,
 You shall see Sir *Andrew Barton*, Knight

The Merchant set my Lord a Glass,
 So well apparent in his Sight,
 That on the Morrow, as his Promise was,
 He saw Sir *Andrew Barton*, Knight,
 The Lord then swore a mighty Oath,
 Now by the Heavens that be of Might,
 Faith, believe me, and by Troth,
 I think he is a worthy Knight

And he my Lyon out of Hand,
 With ke, with Rose and Streamer high,
 And up withal a Willow-wand,
 That Merchant like I might pass by
 As bravely did Lord *Howard* pass,
 And on Anchor rise so high ;
 Top-sail at last he cast,
 As a Foe did him defy.

Andrew Barton seeing him
 Thus scornfully to pass by,
 Tho' he cared not a Pin
 Ha *at him and his Company* : Then

Then call'd he for his Men amain,
Fetch back yon Pedlar now, quoth he,
And e'er this way he come again,
I'll teach him well his Courtesy.

A Piece of Ordnance soon was shot,
By this Proud Pyrate fiercely then,
Into Lord *Howard's* middle Deck,
Which cruel Shot kill'd fourteen Men.
He call'd then *Peter Simon* he,
Look how thy Word doth stand instead,
For thou shalt be hang'd on Main-mast,
If thou mis *Twelvescore* one Penny breath.

Then *Peter Simon* gave a Shot,
Which did *Sir Andrew* mickle scare,
In at his Deck it came so hot,
Kill'd fifteen of his Men of War :
Alas, then said the Pyrate stout,
I am in Danger now I see :
This is some Lord, I greatly fear,
That is set on to conquer me.

Then *Henry Hunt* with Rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his Deck,
And kill'd fifty of his Men beside :
Then, out, alas, *Sir Andrew* cry'd,
What may a Man now think or say ?
Yon Merchant Thief that pierceth me,
He was my Prisoner Yesterday,

Then did he on *Gordian* call,
Unto the Top-castle for to go,
And bid his Beams he should let fall,
For he greatly fear'd an Overthrow.
The Lord call'd *Hrrseley* then in haste,
Look how thy Woad do stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on Main mast,
If thou mis *Twelvescore* a Shilling bread

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Then up the Mast-tree swerved he,
 This stout and mighty *Gordion* ;
 But *Horfely* he most happily,
 Shot him under his Coller-Bone :
 Then call'd he on his Nephew, and
 Said, Sister's Sons I have no mo,
 Three hundred Pounds I give to thee,
 If thou wilt to the Top-castle go,

Then stoutly he began to climb
 From off the Mast scorn'd to depart :
 But *Horfely* soon prevented him,
 And deadly pierc'd him to the Heart.
 His Men being slain, then up amain
 Did this Proud Pyrate climb with speed,
 For Armour of Proof he had put on,
 And did no dint of Arrows dread.

Come hither *Horfeley*, said the Lord,
 See thou thine Arrows aim aright :
 Great Means to thee I'll still afford,
 And if thou speed'ft I'll make thee Knight,
 For *Andrew* did climb up the Tree,
 With right good Will and all his Main,
 Then upon the Breast hit *Horfely* he,
 'Till the Arrow did return again.

Then *Horfeley* spy'd a Private Place,
 With a perfect Eye in a secret Part.
 His Arrow swiftly flew a pace,
 And smote Sir *Andrew* to the Heart.
 Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,
 A little I am hurt, yet not slain,
 'I'll but lye down and bleed a while,
 And come and fight with you again.

And do not, said he. fear *English* Rogues,
 And of your Foes stand not in awe,
 But stand fast by St. *Andrew's* Cross,
 Until you hear my Whistle blow.

They

They never heard his Whistle blow,
Which made them all most sore afraid,
Then *Horfeley*, said, My Lord, Aboard
For now Sir *Andrew Barton's* dead.

Thus boarded they this gallant Ship,
With right good will and all their main
Eighteen Score *Scots* alive in it,
Besides as many more were slain;
The Lord went where Sir *Andrew* lay,
And quickly then cut off his Head;
I should forsake *England* many a Day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the Wars Lord *Howard* came
With mickle Joy and Triumphant,
The Pyrates Head he brought along
For to present unto the King:
Who briefly unto him did say,
Before he well knew what was done,
Where is the Knight and Pyrate gay,
That I my self may give the Doom?

You may thank God, *then said the Lord*,
And four Men in the Ship, *quoth he*,
That we are safely come Ashore,
Sith you never had such an Enemy
That is *Henry Hunt* and *Peter Simon*,
William Horfeley and *Peter's* Son;
Therefore Reward them for their Pains,
For they did Service in their turn.

To the Merchant therefore the King he said
In lieu of what he hath from thee ta'n,
I'll give to thee a Noble a Day,
Sir *Andrew's* Whistle and his Chain
To *Peter Simon* a Crown a Day,
And half a Crown to *Peter's* Son;
And that was for a Shot so gay,
Which bravely brought Sir *Andrew* down

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Horseley I will make thee a Knight,
And in *Yorkshire* thou shalt dwell;
Lord *Howard* shall *Earl Bury* height,
For this Act deserveth well:
Ninety Pounds to our *English* Men,
Who in this Fight did stoutly stand:
And Twelve Pence a Day to the *Scots*, till they
Come to my Brother King's High Land.



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To a Northern Tune.



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sensible of his Danger, and would willingly have made his Peace. Some of the King's Officers finding him in this Disposition, secretly perswaded him to make his Submission; adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly receiv'd Armstrong follow'd their Council, and with Sixty Horsemen unarmed, hasten'd to the King, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with Passes, and a safe Conduct. Those who had given him this Advice, sensible of his Error, lay in Ambush for, surpriz'd and took him, with his Sixty Men, and carry'd 'em all to the King, pretending that they had made them Prisoners. Nor was he accus'd of robbing only, but of having also form'd a Design of delivering up all that Part of the Country to the English; and being condemn'd, he with Fifty four of his Companions, was hang'd, the other six were reserv'd as Hostages to deter their Fellows from being guilty of the like Crime. Our Poet, I suppose, thought that the Gallows was too low a Death for his Heroe, and therefore rather chose to let him dye bravely fighting. Instead of Three, he gives him a Retinue of Eightscore Men, and lays his Scene in Edenburg, and these, I think, are the only material Points in which he differs from History.

Is there ever a Man in all Scotland,
From the highest Estate to the lowest Degree,
That can shew himself now before our King,
Scotland is so full of Treachery?

Yes there is a Man in *Westmoreland*,

And *Johnny Armstrong* they do him call,

He has no Lands nor Rents coming in,

Yet he keeps Eightscore Men within his Hall.

He has Horses and Harness for them all,

And goodly Steeds that be Milk-white,

With their goodly Belts about their Necks,

With Hats and Feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving Letter,

And with his own Hand so tenderly,

And hath sent it unto *Johnny Armstrong*,

To come and speak with him speedily.

When *John* he look'd this Letter upon,

He look'd as blith as a Bird in a Tree,

I was never before a King in my Life,

My Father, my Grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the King,

Lord we will go most gallantly,

Ye shall every one have a Velvet Coat,

Laid down with Golden Laces three.

And every one shall have a Scarlet Cloak,

Laid down with Silver Laces five,

With your Golden Belts about your Necks,

With Hats and Feathers all alike.

But when *Johnny* went from *Giltnock-Hall*,

The Wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain

-Now fare thee well thou *Giltnock-Hall*,

I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now *Johnny* he is to *Edenborough* gone,

With his Eightscore Men so gallantly,

And every one of them on a Milk-white Steed,

With their Bucklers and Swords hanging to the

(K)

But when *John* came the King before,
 With his Eightscore Men so gallant to see,
 The King he mov'd his Bonnet to him,
 He thought he had been a King as well as he.

*Pardon, pardon, my Sovereign Liege,
 Pardon for my Eightscore Men and me ;
 For my Name it is Johnny Armstrong,
 And Subject of yours, my Liege, said he,*

Away with thee, thou false Traytor,
 No Pardon will I grant to thee,
 But to Morrow Morning by Eight of the Clock,
 I will hang up thy Eightscore Men and thee.

Then *Johnny* look'd over his left Shoulder,
 And to his merry Men thus said he,
*Have ask'd Grace of a graceless Face,
 No Pardon there is for you and me,*

Then *John* pull'd out his good broad Sword,
 That was made of the Mettle so free,
 Had not the King mov'd his Foot as he did.
John had taken his Head from his fair Body

*Come, follow me, my merry Men all,
 We will scorn one Foot for to fly,
 It shall never be said we were hang'd like Dogs,
 We will fight it out most manfully.*

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
 For their Hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
 Till they had kill'd all the King's good Guard
 There were none left alive but one, two or three

But then rose up all *Edenborough*,
 They rose up by Thousands three,
 A cowardly *Scot* came *John* behind,
 And run him through the fair Body.

Said *John*, Fight on my merry Men all,
 I am a little wounded but am not slain,
 I will lay me down and Bleed a while,
 Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
 Till many a Man lay dead on the Plain,
 For they were resolved before they would yield,
 That every Man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
 Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
 But little *Musgrave*, that was his Foot-Page,
 With his bonny Grissel got away unta'n.

But when he came to *Giltnock-Hall*,
 The Lady spy'd him presently,
What News, what News, thou little Foot-Page,
What News from thy Master, and his Company.

My News is bad, Lady, he said,
 My Master *Johnny Armstrong* is slain,
 And all his Gallant Company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissel,
 Full oft thou hast been fed with Corn and Hay,
 But now thou shalt be fed with Bread and Wine,
 And thy Sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say,

O then bespoke his little son,
 As he sat on his Nurse's Knee,
 If ever I live to be a Man,
 My Father's Death reveng'd shall be.

XXII. A
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XXII. A pleasant Ballad shewing how two valiant Knights, Sir *John Armstrong*, and Sir *Michael Masgrave* fell in Love with the Beautiful Daughter of the Lady *Dacres* in the *North* ; and of the great Strife that happen'd between them for her, and how they wrought the Death of One hundred Men.

Another Poet, willing to conceal the ignominious Death of *Armstrong*, has in this Song Knighted him, and made his Rival kill him, at least I am apt to believe 'tis the same *Armstrong* he is talking of, and for that Reason I have inserted it, thinking myself oblig'd to do him as much Justice as to our famous English Outlaw *Robin Hood*, and to leave the Story of his Marriage upon Record.

AS it fell out one *Whitsunday*,
The Blith Time of the Year,
When every Tree was clad with green,
And pretty Birds sing clear :
The Lady *Dacres* took her way
Unto the Church that pleasant Day,
With her fair Daughter, fresh and gay,
A bright and bonny Lass.

*Fa la tre dang de do
Trang trole la trang de do,
With hey trangtrole lo lye,
She was a bonny Lass.*

Sir *Michael Musgrave* in like sort
To Church repaired then,
And so did Sir *Jon Armstrong* too,
With all his merry Men;
Two greater Friends there could not be,
Nor braver Knights for Chivalry,
Both Batchelors of high Degree,
Fit for a bonny Lass.

They sat them down upon one Seat,
Like loving Brethren dear,
With Hearts and Minds devoutly bent
God's Service for to hear;
But rising from their Prayers tho'
Their Eyes a ranging strait did go,
Which wrought their utter Overthrow,
All for one bonny Lass.

Quoth *Musgrave* unto *Armstrong* then,
Yon sits the sweetest Dame,
That ever for her fair Beauty
Within this Country came.
Insooth, quoth *Armstrong* presently,
Your Judgment I must verify,
There never came unto my Eye,
Abraver bonny Lass.

I swear said *Musgrave* by this Sword,
Which did my Knighthood win,
To steal away so sweet a Dame,
Could be no Ghostly Sin.
That deed, quoth *Armstrong*, would be ill,
Except you had her right good Will,
That your desire she would fulfil,
And be thy bonny Lass.

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Said *Armst*
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By this the Service quite was done,
 And home the People past ;
 They wish'd a Blister on his Tongue,
 That made thereof such haste.
 At the Church Door the Knights did meet,
 The Lady *Dacres* for to greet,
 But most of all her Daughter sweet,
 That *beauteous bonny Lass*.

Said *Armstrong* to the Lady fair,
 We both have made a Vow
 At Dinner for to be your Guests,
 If you will it allow.
 With that bespoke the Lady free,
 Sir Knights, right welcome shall you be.
 The happier Men therefore are we,
 For Love of this *bonny Lass*.

Thus were the Knights both prick'd in Love,
 Both in one Moment thrall'd,
 And both with one fair Lady gay,
 Fair *Isabella* call'd.
 With humble Thanks they went away,
 Like wounded Harts chas'd all the Day.
 One would not to the other say,
 They loved this *bonny Lass*.

Fair *Isabel* on the other side
 As far in Love was found,
 So long brave *Armstrong* she had ey'd,
 Till Love her Heart did wound :
 Brave *Armstrong* is my Joy, quoth she,
 Would *Christ* he were alone with me,
 To talk an Hour two or three
 With his fair *bonny Lass*.

But as these Knights together rode,
 And Howeward did repair,
 Their Talk and eke their Countenance shew'd,
 Their Hearts were clogg'd with Care.

Fair *Isabel* the one did say,
 Thou hast subdu'd my Heart this Day.
 But she's my Joy, did *Musgrave* say,
My bright and bonny Lass.

With that these Friends incontinent,
 Become most deadly Foes,
 For love of beauteous *Isabel*,
 Great Strife berwixt them rose :
 Quoth *Armstrong*, She shall be my Wife,
 Although for her I lose my Life ;
 And thus began a deadly Strife,
And for one bonny Lass.

Thus two Years long this Grudge did grow
 These Gallant Knights between,
 While they a wooing both did go,
 Unto this beauteous Queen.
 And she who did their Furies prove,
 To neither would bewray her Love,
 The deadly Quarrel to remove,
About this bonny Lass.

But neither for her fair Intreats,
 Nor yet her sharp Dispute,
 Would they appease their raging Ire,
 Nor yet give o'er their Suit.
 The Gentlemen of the *North* Country,
 At last did make this good Decree,
 All for a perfect Unity,
About this bonny Lass.

The Love-sick Knights should be set,
 Within one Hall so wide,
 Each of them in a gallant sort
 Even at a several Tide ;
 And 'twixt them both for certainty,
 Fair *Isabel* should placed be,
 Of them to take her choice full free,
Most like a bonny Lass.

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And as she like an Angel bright,
 Betwixt them mildly stood,
 She turn'd unto each several Knight
 With pale and changed Blood:
 Now am I at liberty
 To make and take my Choice, quoth she,
 Yea, quoth the Knights, we do agree,
Then chuse thou bonny Lass.

O *Musgrave*, thou art all too hot
 To be a Lady's Love,
 Quoth she, and *Armstrong* seems a Sot,
 Where Love binds him to prove;
 Of Courage great is *Musgrave* still,
 And Sith to chuse I have my will,
 Sweet *Armstrong* shall my Joys fulfil,
And I his bonny Lass.

The Nobles and the Gentles both,
 That were in present Place,
 Rejoyced at this sweet Record;
 But *Musgrave* in Disgrace,
 Out of the Hall did take his way,
 And *Armstrong* marry'd was next Day.
 With *Isabel* his Lady gay,
A bright and bonny Lass.

But *Musgrave* on the Wedding-Day,
 Like to a *Scotchman* dight,
 In secret sort allured out
 The Bridegroom for to fight;
 And he that will not out-braved be,
 Unto his Challenge did agree,
 Where he was slain most suddenly
For his fair bonny Lass.

The News whereof was quickly brought
 Unto the lovely Bride:
 And many of young *Armstrong's* Kin
 Did after *Musgrave* ride;

They

They hew'd him when they had him got,
 As small as Flesh into a Pot,
 Lo! thus befel a heavy Lot,
About this bonny Lads.

The Lady young, which did lament,
 This cruel curst Strife,
 For very Grief dy'd that Day,
 A Maiden and a Wife
 An hundred Men, that hapless Day,
 Did lose their Lives in that same Fray;
 And 'twixt those Names, as many lay,
Is deadly Strife still biding.



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XXIII.

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XXIII. An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of *England's* Courtship to the King of *France's* Daughter, and how the Prince was disasterously slain, and the aforesaid Princess was afterwards marry'd to a Forrester.

To the Tune of, *Crimson Velvet.*

The following Song is, I believe, written on a fictitious Subject, at least I have not been able to discover any part of History to which it alludes; however, I will not pretend to advance positively that it is fictitious, seeing that very few of these venerable ancient Song Enditers were wholly indebted to Invention for their Poetical Productions; most of those who do not relate a direct Fact having some Story at least in view, which through length of Time may have been forgotten.

IN the Days of old,
When fair *France* did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;

The

The King a Daughter had,
 Beauteous, fair and comely,
 Which made her Father glad,
 She was his only Joy ;
 A Prince from *England* came,
 Whose Deeds did merit Fame,
 He woo'd her long, and lo at last,
 Look what he did require,
 She granted his Desire,
 Their Hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her Father proved,
 Lord how he was moved,
 And tormented in his Mind ;
 He sought for to prevent them,
 And to discontent them,
 Fortune crossed Lovers kind,

When these Princes twain
 Were thus barr'd of Pleasure,
 Through the King's Disdain,
 Which their Joys withstood :
 The Lady lock'd up close
 Her Jewels and her Treasure,
 Having no remorse
 Of State or Royal Blood :
 In homely poor Array
 She went from Court away,
 To meet her Love and Heart's delight,
 Who in a Forrest great
 Had taken up his Seat,
 To wait her coming in the Night :
 But lo, what sudden Danger,
 To this Princely Stranger,
 Chanced as he set alone ;
 By Outlaws he was robb'd,
 And with a Poniard stabbed,
 Uttering many a dying Groan.]

The Princess armed by him,
 And by true desire,

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Wan'dring all the Night,
 Without Dread at all:
 Till unknown she pass'd.
 In her strange Attire,
 Coming at the last
 Within Eccho's call:
 You fair Woods, quoth she,
 Honoured may you be,
 Harboursing my Heart's delight:
 Which doth encompass here
 My Joy and only dear,
 My trusty Friend and comely Knight.
 Sweet I come unto thee,
 Sweet I come to woo thee,
 That thou may'st not angry be,
 For my long delaying,
 And thy courteous staying,
 Amends for all I'll make thee.

Passing thus alone
 Through the silent Forest,
 Many a grievous Groan
 Sounded in her Ear;
 Where she heard a Man
 To lament the forest
 Chance that ever came,
 Forc'd by deadly Strife:
 Farewel, my dear, quoth he,
 Whom I shall never see,
 For why my Life is at an end,
 For thy sweet sake I dye,
 Through Villians Cruelty,
 To show I am a faithful Friend
 Here I lye bleeding,
 While my Thoughts are feeding,
 On the rarest Beauty found
 O hard Hap that may be,
 Little knows my Lady
 My Heart's Blood lies on the Ground.

With

With that he gave a Groan,
 That did break asunder,
 All the tender Strings
 Of his gentle Heart :
 She who knew his Voice,
 At his Tale did wonder,
 All her former Joys
 Did to Grief convert :
 Strait she ran to see,
 Who this Man might be,
 That so like her Love did speak
 And found when as she came,
 Her lovely Lord lay slain,
 Smear'd in Blood which Life did break,
 Which when that she espyed,
 Lord how sore she cryed,
 Her Sorrows could not counted be ;
 Her Eyes like Fountains running,
 While she cry'd out, my Darling,
 Would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His Pale Lips, alas,
 Twenty times she kissed,
 And his Face did wash
 With her brinish Tears ;
 Every bleeding Wound
 Her fair face bedewed,
 Wiping off the Blood
 With her golden Hairs
 Speak, my Love, quoth she,
 Speak, dear Prince to me,
 One sweet Word of Comfort give
 Lift up thy fair Eyes,
 Listen to my Cries,
 Think in what great Grief I live :
 All in vain she sued.
 All in vain she wooed,
 The Prince's Life was fled and gone,
 There stood she still mourning,
 Till the Sun's approaching,
 And bright Day was coming on.

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In this sad Distress,
 Quoth this Royal Lady,
 Who can now exprefs,
 What will become of me?
 To my Father's Court
 Never will I wander,
 But some Service Seek,
 Where I may placed be.
 Whilst thus she made her Moan,
 Weeping all alone,
 In this deep and deadly Fear,
 A Forrester all in green,
 Most comely to be seen,
 Ranging the Wood did find her there,
 Round be set with Sorrow,
 Fair Maid, quoth he, good Morrow,
 What hard Hap has brought you here,
 Harder Hap did never
 Chance to Maiden ever,
 Here lies slain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
 Gentle Forrester tell me,
 Where might I procure
 A Service in my Need?
 Pains will I not spare,
 But will do my Duty,
 Ease me of my Care,
 Help my extream Need.
 The Forrester all amazed,
 On her Beauty gaz'd.
 'Till his Heart was set on fire:
 O, fair Maid (quoth he)
 You will go with me,
 You shall have your Heart's desire;
 He brought her to his Mother,
 And above all other
 He set forth this Maiden's Praise;
 Long was his Heart inflamed,
 At length her Love he gained,
 So Fortune did his Glory raise.

Thu

Thus unknown he match'd
 With the King's fair Daughter,
 Children seven he had,
 E'er she to him was known ;
 But when he understood,
 She was a Royal Princess,
 By this Means at last
 He shew'd forth her Fame :
 He cloath'd his Children then,
 Not like to other Men,
 In Party-colours strange to see,
 The Right side Cloth of Gold,
 The Left side to behold,
 Of Woollen Cloth still fram'd he :
 Men thereat did Wonder,
 Golden Fame did thunder
 This strange Deed in every Place.
 The King of *France* came thither,
 Being pleasant Weather,
 In these Woods the Hart to chase.

The Children there did stand,
 As their Mother willed,
 Where the Royal King
 Must of force come by ;
 Their Mother richly clad
 In fair Crimson Velvet,
 Their Father all in Grey,
 Most comely to the Eye,
 When this famous King,
 Noting Every thing,
 Did ask how he durst be so bold,
 To let his Wife to wear,
 And deck his Children there,
 In costly Robes of Pearl and Gold :
 The Forrester boldly reply'd,
 And the Cause descry'd,
 And to the King he thus did say,
 Well may they, by their Mother,
 Wear rich Cloaths with other,
 Being by Birth a Princess gay,

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The King, upon these Words,
 More heedfully beheld them,
 'Till a Crimson Blush
 His Conceit did cross :
 The more I look, quoth he,
 On thy Wife and Children,
 The more I call to mind
 The Daughter whom I lost.
 I am that Child, quoth she,
 Falling on her Knee,
 Pardon me my sovereign Leige.
 The King perceiving this,
 His Daughter dear did kiss,
 'Till joytul Tears did stop his Speech.
 With his Train he turned,
 And with her sojourned ;
 Strait he dubb'd her Husband Knight,
 He made him Earl of *Flanders*,
 One of his Chief Commanders,
 Thus were their Sorrows put to flight.





XXIV. The Life and Death of the famous *Thomas Stukely*, an *English* Gallant, in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who ended his Life in a Battle of three Kings, of *Barbary*.

To the Tune, of *King Henry's going to Bulloign, &c*

The former Part of this Song is so confin'd to Particulars, that it cannot be expected Historians should have taken Notice of any of these Facts ; but I am surpriz'd that amongst the Crimes our Author has charg'd Stukely with, he has not taken Notice of the most benious ; Treason against his Queen and Country : For the King of Spain enrag'd that Queen Elizabeth should protect the Dutch, who had lately revolted from the Spanish Government, took care to encourage the Rebels in Ireland, and Pope Gregory XIII. enter'd into a strict League with him, desiring to set the Marquiss of Vincola his Bastard Son, upon the Throne of Ireland. Thomas Stukely, who for some Reason (but what is not recorded) had fled from England, his Native Country,

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joyned the Pope, and pretended such Interest in Ireland, that his Holliness gave him the Title of Marquiss of Lemster, Earl of Wexford and Cartelogh, Viscount Morogh, and Baron of Rosse, and Command of Eight hundred Italian Soldiers, who were to be employ'd in the Conquest of that Kingdom. As Religion was made the Pretence, the Expedition was to be commanded in chief by the great Bigot of those Days Don Sebastin King of Portugal, a Priest-ridden Monarch, whose Education had been intrusted to a Jesuit, and who had been taught, that to plant the Roman Religion with Fire and Sword was the grand Business of a believing Prince. Stukely therefore with his Eight hundred Men sail'd to Portugal to joyn his Commander, but he was at that time taken up with other Views, and design'd an Expedition nearer Home; for he was raising an Army to preach the Gospel in Morocco. Nor was there a Pretence wanting for carrying on this War; for after the Death of Abdalla, King of Morocco, Muley Mahomet his Son, had caus'd himself to be proclam'd King; upon this Muley Moluc, his Uncle rais'd an Army against him, alleging, that pursuant to the Laws of the Cheriffs the King's Brothers ought to ascend the Throne before his Sons, and Mahomet being overthrown in three pitch'd Battles, fled to Portugal, where having represented his Case

to Don Sebastian, and promis'd that his Subjects should turn Christians, that Monarch, contrary to the Advice of all his Council, imbark'd with 13000 Men, of whom Stukely and his 800 Soldiers made a Part, upon Promise, that this Expedition ended, he would immediately sail for Ireland. A pitch'd Battle, and that a bloody one too, was fought, during which Moluc, who had lain lingring, dy'd in his Litter, Sebestian was slain, and Mahomet flying, was drowned in passing the River Mucazen. The Particulars of this Battle are foreign to my Purpose, I shall therefore refer those who are Curious of seeing them to Monsieur Vertot's History of the Revolutions in Portugal.

IN the West of England,
 Born there was I understand,
 A famous Gallant was he in his Days,
 By Birth a wealthy Clothier's Son,
 Deeds of Wonders hath he done,
 To Purchase him a long and lasting Praise.

If I would tell his Story,
 Pride was all his Glory,
 And lusty Stukely he was call'd in Court,
 He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
 And did accompany the best,
 Maintaining of himself in gallant Sort.

Being thus esteemed,
 And every where well deem'd,
 He gain'd the Favour of a London Dame,
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Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then.

To whom a Suitor gallantly he came,

When she his Person spyed,
 He could not be denied,

So brave a Gentleman he was to see ;
 She was quickly made his Wife,
 In Weal or Woe to lead her Life,
 Her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in State and Pleasure,
 Full many Days they measure,
 'Till cruel Death with his regardless Spight,
 Bore old *Curtis* to the Grave,
 A thing that *Stukely* wish'd to have,
 That he might revel all in Gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
 But *Stukely* he presumed,
 To spend a Hundred Pounds a Day in waste.
 The greatest Gallants in the Land
 Had *Stukely's* Purse at their Command,
 Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and Ordinaries,
 Where his chiefest Braveries,
 Golden Angels there flew up and down ;
 Riots were his best delight,
 With stately feasting Day and Night,
 In Court and City thus he won Renown.

Thus wasting Lands and Living,
 By this lawless giving,
 At length he sold the Pavements of the Yard,
 Which cover'd were with Blocks of Tin,
 Old *Curtis* left the same to him,
 Which he consumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat

Whereat his Wife foregrieved
 Desiring to be relieved,
 Make much of me dear Husband, she did say,
 I'll make much more of thee (said he)
 Than any one shall verily,
 I'll sell the Cloaths, and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly this Hard-hearted,
 Away from her he parted,
 And travell'd into *Italy* with speed;
 There he flourish'd many a Day,
 In his Silks and rich Array,
 And did the Pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's Pleasure
 To give him Goods and Treasure,
 For to maintain him in great Pomp and Fame;
 At last came News assuredly
 Of a Battle fought in *Barbary*
 And he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a Noble Gallant,
 Sold both Land and Talent
 To follow *Stukely* in his famous Fight.
 Whereas three Kings in Person would
 Advent'rously with Courage bold,
 Within this Battle shew themselves in Fight.

Stukely and his Followers all
 Of the King of *Portugal*,
 Had Entertainment like to Gentlemen.
 The King affected *Stukely* so,
 That he his Secrets all did know,
 And bore his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this Day of Honour,
 Each Man did shew his Banner,
Morocco, and the King of *Barbary*,

Portugal, and all his Train,
Bravely glittering on the Plain,
And gave the Onset there most valiantly.

The Canons they rebounded,
Thund'ring Guns redounded,
Kill, Kill, was all the Soldiers cry ;
Mangled Men lay on the Ground,
And with Blood the Earth was drown'd,
The Sun likewise was darken'd in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
But Tokens of God's Wrath did show,
That he was angry at this War,
He sent a fearful Blazing Star,
Whereby the Kings might their Misfortunes know

Bloody was the Slaughter,
Or rather wilful Murder,
Where Sixscore thousand Fighting Men were slain
Three Kings within this Battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woeful Arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding
The bloody Sacrifice of Souls that Day :
He sighing said, I woeful Wight,
Against my Conscience here do fight,
And brought my Followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with Griet oppress'd,
Those brave *Italians* that did sell their Lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture Life for little Worth,
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring Hands.

Unto Death thus wounded
 His Heart with sorrow swooned,
 And to them thus he made his heavy Moan,
 Thus have I left my Country dear,
 To be thus vilely murder'd here,
 E'en in this Place, whereas I am not known.

My Wife I have much wronged,
 Of what to her belonged,
 I vainly spent in idle Course of Life ;
 What I have had is past I see,
 And bringeth nought but Grief to me,
 Therefore grant me Pardon, gentle Wife.

Life I see consumeth,
 And Death I see presumeth,
 To change this Life of mine into a new :
 Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
 I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings,
 And so brave *Stukely* bid the World adieu.

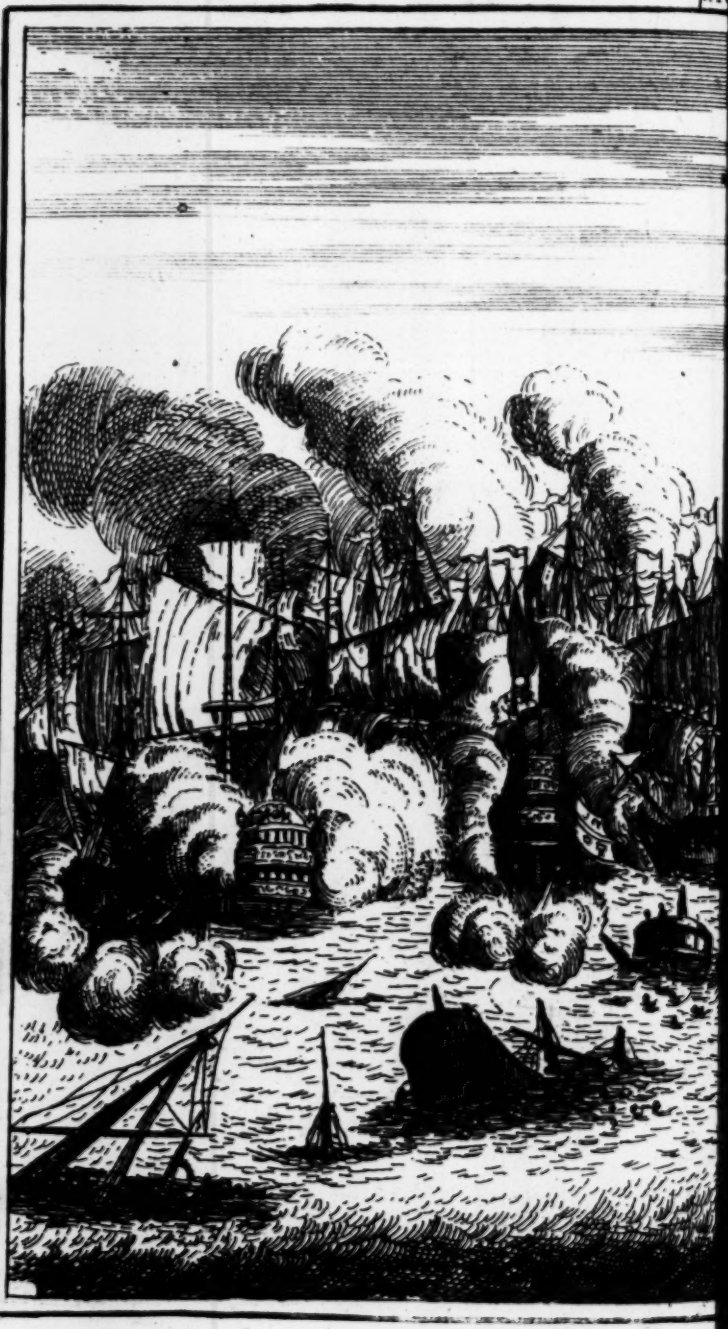
Stukely's Life thus ended,
 Was after Death befriended.
 And like a Soldier bury'd gallantly,
 Where now there stands upon the Grave,
 A stately Temple builded brave,
 With Golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.



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XXV.

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Vol II



XXV. Queen *Elizabeth's* Champion :
Or, A Victory obtain'd by the
Young Earl of *Essex*, over the old
Emperor of *Germany*, by Sea ; in
which he took the Emperor's Son,
and brought him Prisoner to Queen
Elizabeth.

*I will not trouble my Reader with a tedious
Introduction to this Ballad. The Earl of
Essex, the Heroe of the Song, fought seve-
ral times, and with good Success, against
the Spaniards ; which of his Battles this
was writ upon, I shall leave those who are
better acquainted with History to deter-
mine.*

COME sound up your Trumpets and beat up
(your Drums,
And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer,
In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,
The like has not been for this fifty long Years,
Raderer tawo, tandaro te
Raderer, tadover, tan do re.

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,
With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,
K 2 Rich

Rich Top and Top-gallants, Captains and Lieutenants
Some forty, some fifty Brass Pieces and three,
Raderer two, &c.

They had not sail'd pass a Week on the Seas,
Not passing a Week and Days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,
Both him and all his proud Company,
Raderer two, &c.

When he beheld our Powerful Fleet,
Sailing along in their Glory and Pride,
He was amaz'd at their Valour and Fame,
Then to his warlike Commanders he cry'd,
Raderer two, &c.

These were the Words of the Old Emperor,
Saying, *Who's this that is sailing to me,*
If he be a King that weareth a Crown,
Yet am I a better Man than he,
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a King nor Lord of a Crown,
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come.
But the young Earl of *Essex*, the Queen's Lieutenant
Who fears no Foes in *Christendom*,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh ! Is that young Lord then come to the Seas,
Then let's tack about, and be steering away,
I have heard so much of his Father before,
That I will not fight with young *Essex* to Day,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh ! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,
As they were tacking and steering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
And I will go fight with young *Essex* to Day,
Raderer two, &c.

Take

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,
Most of them are of a Capital Size,
But should he do as his Father has done,
Farewel thine Honour and mine likewise.

Raderer two, &c.

With Canons hot, and thund'ring Shot,
These two Gallants fought on the Main,
And as it was young *Essex's* Lot,
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'en.

Raderer two, &c.

Give me my Son the Emperor cry'd,
Which thou this Day has taken from me,
And I'll give thee three Keys of Gold,
The one shall be of *High Germany*.

Raderer two, &c.

Be not for thy three Keys of Gold,
Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
But thy Son he shall to *England* sail,
And go before the Queen with me,

Raderer two, &c.

Then have I Fifty good Ships of the best,
As good as ever were sent to the Sea,
And e'er my Son into *England* shall sail,
They shall go all for good Company,

Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous Battle,
They had not fought it Hours were three,
For some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
And some lay tumbling in the Sea,

Raderer two, &c.

For he got this Battle likewise,
Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,

Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,
 And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen,
Raderer two, &c:

Oh! then bespoke the 'Prentices all,
 Living in *London* both proper and tall,
 In a kind Letter sent strait to the Queen,
 For *Essex's* sake they would fight all,
Raderer two; tandaro te ;
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.





Vol: J

XVI.

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XVI. The Honour of a *London*
'Prentice. Being an Account of
his matchless Manhood and brave
Adventures done in *Turkey*, and
by what Means he marry'd the
Kings Daughter, &c.

the Tune, of, *All you that love good Fellows, &c*

The following Song also relates to a noble Piece
of Chivalry perform'd in *Queen Elizabeth's*
Days, and therefore claims a Place here ;
but I must Acknowledge my self so ignorant
of the History of that Reign, that I cannot
yet discover who this famous 'Prentice was,
nor yet any particular Account of the Fact ; I
shall there fore leave the Poet to tell his own
Story.

O F a worthy *London* 'Prentice,
My Purpose is to speak,
and tell his brave Adventures
Done for his Country's sake :
ask all the World about,
and you shall hardly find,
Man in Valour to exceed
A 'Prentice gallant Mind.

He was born in *Cheshire*,
 The chief of Men was he,
 From thence brought up to *London*,
 A 'Prentice for to be.
 A Merchant on the Bridge,
 Did like his service so,
 That for three Years his Factor,
 To *Turkey* he should go.

And in that famous Country
 One Year he had not been,
 E'er he by Tilt maintained
 The Honour of his Queen,
Elizabeth his Princess,
 He nobly did make known,
 To be the Phoenix of the World,
 And none but she alone.

In Armour richly gilded,
 Well mounted on a Seed,
 One Score of Knights most hardly,
 One Day he made to bleed ;
 And brought them all unto the Ground
 Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the Pearl
 Of Princely Majesty.

The King of that same Country
 Thereat began to frown,
 And will'd his Son, there present,
 To pull this Youngster down ;
 Who at his Father's Words
 These boasting Speeches said,
 Thou art a Traytor *English* Boy,
 And hast the Traytor play'd.

I am no Boy, nor Traytor,
 Thy Speeches I defy,
 For which I ll be revenged
 Upon thee by and by,

London 'Prentice still
 Shall prove as good a Man,
 As any of your *Turkish* Knights,
 Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
 A Box upon the Ear,
 Which broke his Neck asunder,
 As plainly doth appear.
 Now know proud *Turk*, quoth he,
 I am no *English* Boy,
 That can with one small Box o'th' Ear
 The Prince of *Turks* Destroy.

When as the King percieved
 His Son so strangely slain,
 His Soul was sore afflicted.
 With more than mortal Pain:
 And in Revenge thereof,
 He swore that he should dye
 The cruel'st Death that ever Man
 Beheld with mortal Eye.

Two Lyons were prepar'd
 This 'Prentice to devour,
 Near famish'd up with Hunger,
 Ten Days within the Tower,
 To make them far more fierce,
 And eager of their Prey,
 To glut themselves with human gore,
 Upon this dreadful Day.

The appointed time of Torment,
 At length grew nigh at hand,
 When all the Noble Ladies
 And Barons of the Land,
 Attended on the King,
 To see this 'Prentice slain,
 And bury'd in the hungry Maws
 Of those fierce Lyons twain.

K. 5

Then

Then in his Shirt of Cambrick,
 With Silks most richly wrought,
 This Worthy *London* 'Prentice.
 Was from the Prison brought,
 And to the Lyons given
 To stanch their Hunger great,
 Which had not eat in ten Days space
 Not one small Bit of Meat.

But God that knows all Secrets,
 The Matter so contriv'd,
 That by this young Man's Valour
 They were of Life depriv'd ;
 For being faint for Food,
 They scarcely could withstand
 The noble Force, and Fortitude,
 And Courage of his Hand :

For when the hungry Lyons,
 Had cast on him their Eyes,
 The Elements did thunder
 With the Eccho of their Cryes ;
 And runing all amain
 His Body to devour,
 Into their Throats he thrust his Arms,
 With all his Might and Power :

From thence by manly Valour,
 Their Hearts he tore in sunder,
 And at the King he threw them,
 To all the Peoples Wonder.
 This I have done, quoth he,
 For lovely *England's* sake,
 And for my Country's Maiden Queen
 Much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived
 His wrathful Lyons Hearts,
 Afflicted with great Terror,
 His Rigour soon reverts,

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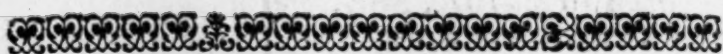
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And turned all his Hate,
 Into Remorse and Love,
 And said it is some Angel
 Sent down from Heav'n above.

No, no, I am no Angel,
 The courteous young Man said,
 But born in famous *England*,
 Where God's Word is obey'd ;
 Assisted by the Heavens,
 Who did me thus befriend,
 Or else they had most cruelly
 Brought here my Life to end.

The King, in Hearts amazed,
 Lift up his Eyes to Heaven.
 And for his foul Offences
 Did crave to be forgiven ;
 Believing that no Land
 Like *England* may be seen,
 No People better govern'd
 By virtue of a Queen.

So taking up this young Man,
 He pardoned him his Life,
 And gave his Daughter to him,
 To be his wedded Wife :
 Where then they did remain,
 And live in quiet Peace,
 In spending of their happy Days,
 In Joy and Love's Increase.



XXVII. The true Lovers Knot untied : Being the right Path whereby to advise Princely Virgins how to behave themselves, by the Example of the Renowned Princess the Lady *Arabella*, and the Second Son of the Lord *Seymour*, late Earl of *Hertford*.

To the Tune of *Frog's Galliard* &c.

The Lady *Arabella* Stuart, the Heroine of the following Song, whose *Adventures* none of our general *Historians* have at length recorded, few have touch'd upon, was doubly related to King James, the First, in whose Reign she dy'd, for they both Sprang from Margaret, the eldest Daughter of King Henry the Seventh, who by her first Husband King James the Fourth of Scotland, had James the Fifth, Father to Mary Queen of Scots, the Mother of James the First of England, and several other Children, whose Names being foreign to my Purpose, I shall take no Notice of ; after the Death of her first Husband she marry'd Archibald Douglass Earl of Angus, by whom

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whom she had a Daughter call'd Margaret who taking to Husband Matthew Earl of Lenox, bore him three Sons, of whom the younger Charles) afterwards Earl of Lenox) was Father to Lady Arabella. Nor was this all, for Mary Queen of Scots, after the Death of her first Husband Francis the Second of France, was marry'd to Henry Lord Darley, (second Son of Matthew Earl of Lenox, by the Lady Margaret, an elder Brother of Charles Stuart, the Lady Arabella's Father) by whom she had King James. When this Monarch came to the Crown of England he had some Reason to be jealous of this Lady not only because of her near Relation to him, but the very first Conspiracy form'd against King James was in favour of this Lady, tho' utterly ignorant of it, for the Papists hoping for a Change of Religion, and the disgraced Statesmen for a Change of Government, secretly plotted to make away with King James, and to proclaim the Lady Arabella Queen : However, the Conspiracy was discover'd, the Chief executed, and Arabella prov'd Innocent ; but certain it is, their Design might have rais'd some ambitious Thoughts in her, which otherwise would not have had Birth ; and it was good Policy to take Care she should not strengthen her self by too powerful an Alliance. Mean while Sir William Seymour Son to the Lord Beauchamp, and Grand-

Grandson to the Earl of Hertford, privately wooed and marry'd this Lady; but as this Family was also related to the Crown, young Seymour was the most dangerous Person she could marry; for a distant Claim to the Throne, in good Politicks, is Treason. The Match was no sooner discover'd, and Seymour was committed to the Tower, but Lady Arabella confin'd in her own House at Highgate. However, they were not so strictly observ'd but they found Means of corresponding together, and concluded to make their Escapes beyond Sea: Accordingly Sir William disguising himself, and leaving his Man in his Bed, that the Keeper might not miss him till the next Day, came to the Place appointed, and she also found the Means of escaping from her House in Man's Apparel, but staying long beyond the limited time, and he apprehensive that she was taken, and would discover him too made the best of his Way, leaving Word for her that he was gone to Dunkirk, where he would wait her coming; but her very fears betray'd her, and hinder'd her following him so fast as she ought to have done, so that being retaken she was committed to the Tower, where, on the 27th of September, 1615, she dy'd, and was privately bury'd at Westminster, in the same Vault with Mary Queen of Scots. She dead, Sir William Seymour having obtain'd leave to return home, was marry'd

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to Frances Daughter to the Earl of
 Essex, and after his Grandfather's Death
 he inherited the Title of Earl, and was af-
 terwards created Marquiss of Hertford,
 and from him is descended one of our present
 noblest Families.

AS I to Ireland did pass,
 I saw a Ship at Anchor lay,
 Another Ship likewise there was,
 Which from fair England took her way.

This Ship that sail'd from fair England,
 Unknown unto our Gracious King,
 The Lord Chief Justice did command,
 That they to London should her bring.

Then drew near, and saw more plain,
 Lady Arabella in distress.
 She wrung her Hands, and wept amain,
 Bewailing of her Heaviness.

When near fair London Tower she came,
 Whereas her landing Place should be,
 The King and Queen with all their Train,
 Did meet this Lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, said our good King,
 Unto this Lady strait did say,
 Who hath first try'd thee to this thing,
 That you from England took your way.

None but my self, my Gracious Liege,
 These ten long Years I've been in Love
 With the Lord Seymour's second Son,
 The Earl of Hertford so we prove:

Full many a Hundred Pound I had
In Goods and Livings in the Land,
Yet I have Lands us to maintain,
So much your Grace doth understand.

My Lands and Livings so well known
Unto your Books of Majesty,
Amount to Twelvecore Pounds a Week,
Besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant *Derbyshire* likewise,
I Ninecore Beadsmen maintain there,
With Hats and Gowns and House rent free,
And every Man five Marks a Year.

I never raised Rent, said she,
Nor yet oppress'd the Tenant poor,
I never did take Bribes for Fines,
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your Nobles will do so,
For to maintain the Commonality?
Such Multitudes would never grow,
Nor be such store of Poverty.

I would I had a Milk-Maid been,
Or born of some more low Degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I like,
And no Man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were some Yeoman's Child,
For to receive my Portion now,
According unto my Degree,
As other Virgins whom I know.

The highest Branch that soars aloft,
Needs must bes shade the Myrtle-tree,
Needs must the Shadow o' them both,
Shadow the third in his Degree.

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But when the Tree is cut and gone,
And from the Ground is bore away,
The lowest Tree that there doth stand,
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a Queen,
But that I ever did deny,
I knew your Grace had Right to th' Crown,
Before *Elizabeth* did dye.

You of the eldest Sister came,
I of the second in Degree
The Earlof *Hertford* of the third,
A Man of Royal Blood was he.

And so good Night, my Sovereign Ledge,
Since in the Tower I must lye,
I hope your Grace will condescend,
That I may have my Liberty.

Lady *Arabella* said the King
I to your Freedom would consent
If you would turn and go to Church,
There to receive the Sacrament.

And so good night, *Arabella* fair,
Our King replied to her again,
I will take Council of my Nobility,
That you your Freedom may obtain,

Once more to Prison must I go,
Lady *Arabella* then did say,
To leave my Love breeds all my Woe,
The which will bring my Life's decay.

Love is a Knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the Heart,
In whom I love I can't forget,
Tho from his Presence I must part.

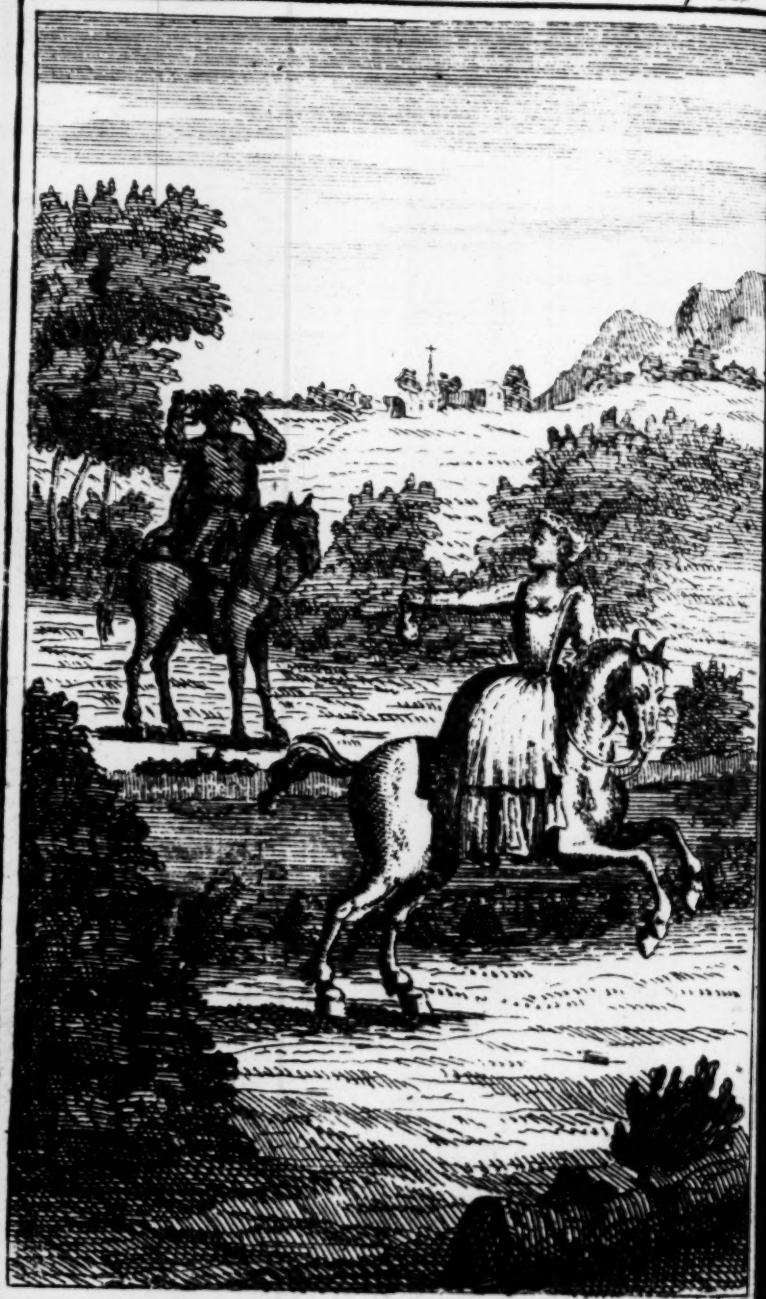
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The meanest People enjoy their Mates.
 But I was born unhappily,
 For being cross'd by cruel Fates,
 I want both Love and Liberty.

But Death I hope, will end the Strife,
 Farewell, farewell, my Love, quoth she,
 Once I had thought to have been thy Wife,
 But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad Meeting she had Cause,
 In Heart and Mind to grieve full sore,
 After that time *Arabella* fair,
 Did never see Lord *Seymour* more.





XVIII.
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XVIII. *The Northern Ditty: Or,
The Scotchman outwitted by the
Country Damsel.*

To a new *Scotch* Tune.

Now I am got into the *Reign* of King James the First, I shall chuse to insert the following Song, said to be written much about his time on an amorous Intrigue of a certain Great Man. One would not chuse to insert bare Conjectures, without being able to second 'em with good Arguments, or at least very great Probabilities; my Readers will therefore excuse me, I hope, from relating the Particulars I have heard; and I shall make no Observation on the Song, save, that the *Scottish Dialect* pretty plainly intimates that it was written on some Person of that Nation.

Old and Raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the Morning early,
The Trees were hid with Snow,
Cover'd with Winter Yearly :
I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
Oly Cheeks and a bonny Brow,
Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to show my Breeding,
 She return'd a graceful Bow,
 Her Visage far exceeding :
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon
 And long'd to hold a Parley,
 She told me to the next Market Town,
 On purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty Pound lies fairly,
 Seek no further one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy Barley :
 Twenty Pound more shall purchase Delight
 Thy Person I love so dearly :
 If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
 And gang Home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
 This thing I wou'd not do, Sir,
 Or were my Friends as Poor as *Job*,
 I'd never raise 'em so, Sir,
 For should you prove one Night my Friend
 We's get a young Kid together,
 And you'd be gone e'er nine Month's end
 Then where should I find the Father ?

Pray what would my Parents say,
 If I should be so silly,
 To give my Maidenhead away,
 And lose my true love *Billy* ?
 Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,
 And therefore I say you Nay, Sir ;
 And if that you would me embrace,
 First marry and then you may, Sir

I told her I had wedded been
 Fourteen Years, and longer,
 Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,
 And tye the Knot more stronger,

She

he bid me then no farther come,
 But manage my Wedlock fairly,
 And keep my Purse for Poor Spouse at Home
 For some other should buy her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
 She rode away and left me;
 After her I could not go,
 Of Joy she quite bereft me.
 Thus I my self did disappoint,
 For she did leave me fairly,
 My Word knock'd all things out of joynt,
 I lost both Maid and Barly.

Riding down a narrow Lane,
 Some two or three Hours after,
 There I chanc'd to meet again,
 This Farmer's bonny Daughter:
 Although it was both Raw and Cold,
 I stay'd to hold a Parley,
 And shew'd once more my Purse of Gold,
 When as she had sold her Barley.

Love said I, pray do not frown,
 But let us change Embraces,
 I'll buy thee a silken Gown,
 With Ribbons, Gloves and Laces;
 Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,
 No Lady shall have neater;
 For, as I am an honest Man,
 I ne'er saw a sweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,
 And said, my dearest Jewel,
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,
 I prithee be not cruel.
 He found my Mind was fully bent,
 To pleasure my fond Desire,
 Therefore she seemed to consent,
 But I wish I had never come nigh her,

Sir,

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
 If I commit this Evil,
 And yield my self in Love with you;
 I hope you will prove civil?
 You talk of Ribbons, Gloves and Rings,
 And likewise Gold and Treasure:
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
 And then you shall have your Pleasure.

Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,
 Said I, my own dear Honey,
 Then into her Lap I lay'd
 Full Forty Pounds in Money;
 We'll to the Market Town this Day,
 And straitway end this Quarrel,
 And deck thee like a Lady gay,
 In flourishing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there,
 To her I did deliver:
 On the Road we did repair,
 Out-coming to a River,
 Whose Waters are both deep and wide,
 Such Rivers I ne'er see many;
 She leapt her Mare on the other side,
 And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was sunk full low,
 With Grief and Care surrounded,
 After her I could not go,
 For fear of being drowned;
 She turn'd about, and say'd Behold,
 I am not for your Devotion,
 But, Sir, I thank you for my Gold,
 'Twill serve to enlarge my Portion.

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I began to stamp and stare,
To see what she had Acted ;
With my Hands I tore my Hair,
Like one that was distracted.
Give me my Money then I cry'd,
Good faith, I did but lend it,
But she full fast away did ride,
And vow'd she did not intend it.



XXIX. The

XXIX. The famous Flower of Serving-Men : Or, The Lady turn'd Serving-Man

To the Tune of *Flora's Farewell : Or, Summer time*
Or, *Love's Tide.*

Having now inserted all the Historical Ballads which I had design'd for this Collection, will give my Readers a few of the best, or Fabulous Songs, for so I am oblig'd to call 'em; not that I think the Subject of them all the Invention of the Poet, but because have not hitherto been able to trace them out in History. Perhaps, tho' written of Persons of Note, yet being confin'd to Particulars, the Facts they treat of may have escaped the Historians; or perhaps, the being chiefly founded on amorous Intrigues they would not, or durst not, take Notice of 'em; or, which is as probable as any of the former Conjectures, perhaps I may have pass'd 'em over. Nor can this always be accounted a Fault, for I believe it very possible to read a Song and the Story on which it is written at the same time, yet not know that they both treat of the same Thing, for being mostly compos'd in the Days of

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those Persons of whom they speak, our Poets have, to disguise Truth, blended Truth and Fiction so much together, that without having been Personally acquainted with the Heroes and Heroines 'tis impossible to know them. Perhaps some Persons who are better acquainted with antique Stories, or have more Leisure upon their Hands, may, upon the perusing of this Story, discover and bring the World acquainted with the King and fair Elise, whose Praises are here recorded.

YOU beauteous Ladies great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this Land.

I was by Birth a Lady fair,
My Father's chief and only Heir,
But when my good old Father dy'd,
Then I was made a young Knight's Bride.

And then my Love built me a Bower,
Deck'd with many a fragrant Flower;
A braver Bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true Love did build for me.

But there came Thieves late in the Night,
They robb'd my Bower, and slew my Knight,
And after that my Knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My Servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my Extremity,
And left me by my self alone,
With a Heart more cold than any Stone,

Yet though my Heart was full of Care,
 Heaven would not suffer me to despair;
 Wherefore in haste I changed my Name,
 From fair *Elise* to sweet *William*.

And therewithal I cut my Hair,
 And drefs'd my self in Man's Attire,
 My Doublet, Hose, and Beaver Hat,
 And a Golden Band about my Neck,

With a Silver Rapier by my side,
 So like a Gallant I did ride;
 The thing that I delighted on,
 It was to be a Serving-Man.

Thus in my sumptuous Man's Array,
 I bravely rode along the Way;
 And at the last it chanced so,
 That I to the King's Court did go:

Then to the King I bow'd full low,
 My Love and Duty for to shew;
 And so much Favour I did crave,
 That I a Serving-man's Place might have.

Stand up, brave Youth, the King reply'd,
 Thy service shall not be deny'd;
 But tell me first what thou canst do,
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be Usher of my Hall,
 To wait upon my Nobles all?
 Or wilt thou be Taster of my Wine,
 To wait on me when I do dine?

Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,
 To make my Bed both soft and fine?
 Or wilt thou be one of my Guard,
 And I will give thee thy Reward?

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Sweet *William* with a smiling Face,
 Said to the King, If't please your Grace,
 To shew such Favour unto me,
 Your Chamberlain I fain would be.

The King then did the Nobles call,
 To ask the Council of them all ;
 Who gave Consent sweet *William* he,
 The King's own Chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass,
 As the King one Day a Hunting was,
 With all his Lords and noble Train,
 Sweet *William* did at Home remain.

Sweet *William* had no Company then,
 With him at Home but an old Man ;
 And when he saw the House was clear,
 He took a Lute which he had there ;

Upon the Lute sweet *William* play'd,
 And to the same he sung, and said,
 With a sweet and noble Voice,
 Which made the old Man to rejoyce :

My Father was as brave a Lord,
As ever Europe did afford ;
My Mother was a Lady bright,
My Husband was a valiant Knight.

And I my self a Lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich Array,
The bravest Lady in the Land
Had not more Pleasure at Command :

I had my Musick every Day,
Harmonious Lessons for to play ;
I had my Virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

But now, alas ! my Husband's dead,
 And all my Friends are from me fled ;
 My former Joys are past and gone,
 For I am now a Serving Man.

At last the King from Hunting came,
 And presently upon the same,
 He called for this good old Man,
 And thus to speak the King began.

What News, what News, old Man, quoth he,
 What News hast thou to tell to me ?
 Brave News the old Man he did say,
 Sweet *William* is a Lady gay.

If this be true thou tell'st me,
 I'll make thee a Lord of high Degree ;
 But if thy Words do prove a Lye,
 Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But when the King the Truth had found,
 His Joys did more and more abound:
 According as the old Man did say,
 Sweet *William* was a Lady gay.

Therefore the King without delay,
 Put on her glorious rich Array ;
 And upon her Head a Crown of Gold,
 Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further Strife,
 He took sweet *William* for his Wife :
 The like before was never seen,
 A Serving-Man to be a Queen.



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XXX. The Children in the Wood :
Or, The *Norfolk* Gentleman's last
Will and Testament.

To the Tune of, *Rogero*, &c.

I can by no means joyn in Opinion with those who believe this Song written on the Murder of King Edward 5th, and his young Brother, in the Tower. Richard III. was succeeded by his inveterate Foe King Henry VII, whose Descendants have ever since sway'd the Scepter; and a Poet need not have had recourse to Fiction to have recorded this Story, he might safely have nam'd the cruel Tyrant; and had it been early after this Reign, it would have been a Compliment to the Sovereign. The blacker Richard appear'd, the more the Nation thought themselves obliged to their great Deliverer Henry. They have but one Plea then left, and that is, this old Ballad may perhaps have been written during the Reign of Richard; but I can assure 'em from the little Acquaintance I have with old Songs, that it was not written of above a hundred Years after his Death, and I am apt to think the Poet had some private Story in View, but no publick one I dare swear.

N^o

NOW ponder well you Parents dear,
 These Words which I shall write,
 A doleful Story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light:
 A Gentleman of good Account,
 In *Norfolk* dwelt of late,
 Who did in Honour far surmount
 Most Men of his Estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to dye,
 No help his Life could save;
 His Wife by him as sick did lye,
 And both possess'd one Grave.
 No Love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind,
 In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,
 And left two Babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
 Not passing three Years old;
 The other a Girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in Beauty's Mould:
 The Father left his little Son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect Age should come,
 Three hundred Pounds a Year.

And to his little Daughter *Jane*,
 Five hundred Pounds in Gold,
 To be paid down on Marriage-day,
 Which might not be controul'd;
 But if the Children chanc'd to dye,
 E'er they to Age should come,
 Their Uncle should possess their Wealth
 For sothe Will did run.

Now Brother, (said the dying Man)
 Look to my Children dear,
 Be good unto my Boy and Girl,
 No Friends else I have here:

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To God and you I recommend
 My Children Night and Day,
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this World to stay.

You must be Father and Mother both,
 And Uncle all in one;
 God knows what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespoke their Mother dear,
 O Brother kind, (quoth she)
 You are the Man must bring our Babes
 To Wealth or Misery.

If you do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your Deeds regard.
 With Lips as cold as any Stone,
 They kiss'd their Children small,
 God bless you both my Children dear;
 With that the Tears did fall,

These Speeches then their Brother spoke,
 To this sick Couple there,
 The keeping of your Children dear,
 Sweet Sister do not fear;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor ought else that I have,
 If I do wrong your Children dear,
 When you are laid in Grave.

The Parents being dead and gone,
 The Children home he takes,
 And brings them strait unto his Houle,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty Babes
 A Twelvemonth and a Day,
 But for their Wealth he did devise,
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with too Ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the Children young,
 And slay them in a Wood:
 And told his Wife and all he had,
 He did the Children fend,
 To be brought up in fair *London*,
 With one that was his Friend.

Away then went these pretty Babes,
 Rejoycing at that Tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry Mind,
 They should on Cock-horse ride
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the Way,
 To those that should their Butchers be,
 And work their Lives decay.

So that the pretty Speech they made,
 Made Murthers Hearts relent,
 And they that undertook the Deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of Heart,
 Did vow to do his Charge,
 Because the Wretch that hired him,
 Had paid him very large,

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fell to Strife,
 With one another they did fight.
 About the Childrens Life:
 And he that was of mildest Mood,
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented Wood,
 Where Babes did quake for fear.

He took the Children by the Hand,
 When Tears stood in their Eyes,
 And had them straitway follow him,
 And look they did not cry:

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And two long Miles heled them thus,
 While they for Bread complain,
 Say here, quoth he, I'll bring ye Bread,
 When I do come again.

These pretty Babes with Hand in Hand
 Went wand'ring up and down;
 But never more did see the Man
 Approaching from the Town:
 Their pretty Lips with Black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd,
 And when they saw the darksome Night,
 They sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty Babes
 'Till Death did end their Grief,
 In one another's Arms they dy'd,
 As Babes wanting relief:
 No burial these pretty Babes
 Of any Man receives,
 Till *Robin Red-breast* painfully
 Did cover them with Leaves.

And now the heavy Wrath of God,
 Upon their Uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful Fiends did haunt his House,
 His Conscience felt an Hell;
 His Barns were fir'd his Goods consum'd,
 His Lands were barren made,
 His Cattle dy'd within the Field,
 And nothing with him staid.

And in a Voyage to *Portugal*,
 Two of his Sons did dye;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 Unto much Misery:
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his Land,
 E'er seven Years came about;
 And now at length this wicked A&c,
 Did by this Means come out.

The Fellow that did take in hand,
 These Children for to kill,
 Was for a Robbery judg'd to dye,
 As was God's blessed Will :
 Who did confesse the very Truth,
 The which is here express'd ;
 Their Uncle dy'd, while he for Debt
 Did long in Prison rest.

You that Executors be made,
 And Overseerske,
 Of Children that be Fatherless,
 And Infants mild and meek ;
 Take you Example by this thing,
 And yield to each his Right,
 Left God with such like Misery,
 Your wicked Minds requite.



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XXXI. The *Devonshire* Nymph : Or
 The Knight's happy Choice. Shew-
 ing how a young rich Knight fell in
 Love with the Daughter of a poor
 Weaver of *Devonshire*, and for her
 Beauty and Virtue marry'd her.

To the Tune of, *Tender Hearts* of London City.

The many Beauties, as well as Scarcity of this
 Song, justly entitles it to a Place in this
 Collection; for having heard of it, I made
 it my Business to search the whole Town
 over for it, but all in vain, 'till meeting
 with a Gentlewoman who us'd to sing it,
 she favour'd me with a Copy of it. Its
 Beauties I will not pretend to point out;
 they are so obvious, and indeed so frequent
 that we have not time to admire one, be-
 fore another presents itself to our Eyes;
 and I believe those who are acquainted with
 Nature and easy Poetry, will acknowledge
 they have them here in their utmost Per-
 fection.

How

However, I cannot forbear taking Notice of
a beautiful Imitation of one of Martial's
best Epigrams, in the three first Lines of the
second Stanza : The Epigram is this :

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi *Nævia* Rufo
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia : Si non sit *Nævia*, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternæ Patri cum luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, *Nævia* numen, ave.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers, I shall
give a Translation of this Epigram by a fa-
mous modern Hand, or rather an Imitati-
on of it, for it is impossible to translate the
Beauties of the second Line.

Let Rufus weep, rejoyce, stand, sit or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk :
Let him eat, drink, ask questions or dispute,
Still he must talk of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.

I N the West of Devonshire,
Liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,
Pretty Peggy was her Name ;
Ev'ry Creature lov'd her Nature,
Peggy there had all the Fame.

Wheresoever I am walking,
Or of whatsoever talking,
Pretty Peggy must come in,
She has so much Duty, and so much Beauty,
Not to worship were a Sin.

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Fame that oftentimes doth flatter,
 Told the Truth of all the Matter,
 To a young and worthy Knight,
 One lov'd Pleasure more than 'Treasure,
 Beauty was his sole delight.

Strait in Love he was involved,
 And to try he was resolved,
 Whether Peggy would be kind
 But he did never meet with ever
 Such a Face, and such a Mind.

When he first beheld the Creature,
 All her Charms were lent by Nature,
 Neither Spots nor Tower she wore,
 But she was singing, and a spinning,
 At her poor old Father's Door.

When she saw him she retired,
 But his Senses all were fired
 At the little Interview:
 Oh! stay, he said, thou lovely Maid,
 For now I swear Report is true.

Straitway then he did pursue her,
 And with all his Art did woo her,
 Kist'd her Hands, and bless'd her Eyes,
 Proffer'd Treasure for his Pleasure,
 But, alas, she all denies.

Golden Promises he made her,
 And with Vows he did perswade her,
 But her Vertue was so strong,
 That all his Art ne'er touch'd her Heart,
 Altho' poor Peggy was but young.

Dearest Charmer be not cruel,
 To yourself and me my Jewel,
 Leave your homely rural Sport,
 And be but mine, and thou shalt shine
 Amongst the glorious Stars at Court.

And

All the Pride of *London City*,
That can make young Ladies pretty,
And what the Change affords that's rare,
And none with *Peggy* shall compare.

Sir, said she, do not endeavour,
The poor Daughter of a Weaver
Has a Heart of Vertuous Mold,
Which no Pride can draw aside,
To be corrupted by your Gold.

Then said he, Dear *Peggy*, may be
You'll deny to be a Lady,

How does that now suit your Mind?
Sir, said she, my low Degree
Is still to humble Thoughts confin'd.

For that, says he, I ne'er will fault thee,
But for humbleness exalt thee,
Thou this Day my Bride shalt be,
No longer they tarry'd, but strait were marry'd,
And Lady *Margaret* was she.

You may think her Friends consented,
And that she was well contented,
And I am sure so was the Knight,
For all the Day they sport and play,
But what they did, God knows, at Night.



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XXXII. The BRIDE's Burial.

To the tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

The four following Songs, (for I shall not trouble my Reader with an Introduction to every one) are written on Tragical Subjects, and are far from being the most despicable that ever were printed; I take 'em all, but the last especially, to fall under the Number of those which are written on some Fact which has escaped us.

COME mourn, come mourn with me,
You loyal Lovers all,
Lament my loss in Weeds of Woe,
Whom griping Grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping Vine,
Cut by the Gard'ner's Knife,
Even so my Heart with Sorrow slain,
Doth bleed for my sweet Wife.

By Death, that grisly Ghost,
My Turtle Dove is slain,
And I am left, unhappy Man,
To spend my Days in Pain.

Her Beauty late so bright,
Like Roses in their Prime,
Is wasted like the Mountain's Snow,
By force of Phæbus shine.

Her

Her fair red colour'd Cheeks
 Now pale and wan; her Eyes,
 That late did shine like Cryстал Stars; }
 Alas, their Light it dies:

Her pretty Lilly Hands,
 With Fingers long and small,
 In Colour like the earthly Clay,
 Yea, cold and stiff withal.

When as the Morning-Star
 Her golden Gates had spread,
 And that she glittering Sun arose
 Forth from fair *Thetis* Bed;

Then did my Love awake,
 Most like a Lilly-flower,
 And as the lovely Queen of Heaven,
 So shone she in her Bower.

Attired was she then
 Like *Flora* in her Pride,
 Like one of bright *Diana's* Nymphs,
 So look'd my loving Bride.

And as fair *Helen's* Face,
 Gave *Grecian* Dames the Lurch,
 So did my Dear exceed in Sight,
 All Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the Knot
 Of holy Wedlock-band,
 Like Alabaster joyn'd to Jet,
 So stood we hand in Hand;

Then lo! a chilling Cold
 Struck every vital Part,
 And griping Grief, like Pangs of Death,
 Seiz'd on my true Love's Heart.

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Down in a swoon she fell,
 As cold as any Stone ;
 Like *Venus* Picture lacking Life,
 So was my Love brought home.

At length her rosy red,
 Throughout her comely Face,
 As *Phæbus* Beams with watry Clouds
 Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous Groan,
 And Voice both hoarse and dry,
 Farewell, quoth she my loving Friend,
 For I this Day must dye ;

The Messenger of God,
 With golden Trump I see,
 With many other Angels more,
 Which sound and call for me.

Instead of Musick sweet,
 Go toll my Passing Bell ;
 And with sweet Flowers strow my Grave,
 That in my Chamber-smell.

Strip off my Bride's Array,
 My Cork Shoes from my Feet,
 And, gentle Mother, be not coy
 To bring my Winding-sheet.

My Wedding Dinner dress'd,
 Bestow upon the Poor,
 And on the Hungry, Needy, Maim'd,
 Now craving at the Door.

Instead of Virgins young,
 My Bride-Bed for to see,
 Go cause some curious Carpenter,
 To make a Chest for me.

My

My Bride-Laces of Silk,
 Bestow'd on Maidens meet,
 May fitly serve, when I am dead,
 To tie my Hands and Feet.

And thou, my Lover true,
 My Husband and my Friend,
 Let me intreat thee here to stay,
 Until my Life doth end.

Now leave to talk of Love,
 And humbly on your knee,
 Direct your Prayers unto God,
 But mourn no more for me.

In Love as we have liv'd,
 In Love let us depart ;
 And I, in Token of my Love,
 Do kifs thee with my Heart.

O stanch those bootless Tears,
 Thy Weeping is in vain ;
 I am not lost, for we in Heaven
 Shall one Day meet again.

With that she turn'd aside,
 As one dispos'd to sleep,
 And like a Lamb departed Life,
 Whose Friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
 Did fetch a grievous Groan,
 As tho' his Heart would burst in two,
 And thus he made his Moan.

Odismal and unhappy Day,
 A Day of Grief and Care,
 That hath bereft the Sun so high,
 Whose Beams refresh the Air.

Now

Now woe unto the World,
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in Heaven,
For here I live in Hell,

And now this Lover lives
A discontented Life,
Whose Bride was brought unto the Grave
A Maiden and a Wife.

A Garland fresh and fair
Of Lillies there was made,
In sign of her Virginity,
And on her Coffin laid.

Six Maidens, all in White,
Did bear her to the Ground :
The Bells did ring in solemn sort,
And made a doleful Sound.

In Earth they laid her then,
For hungry Worms a Prey ;
So shall the fairest Face alive,
At length be brought to Clay.





XXXIII. The unfortunate Love of a
Lancashire Gentleman, and the
hard Fortune of a fair young
Bride.

To the Tune of, *Come follow my Love, &c.*

LOOK you faithful Lovers,
On my unhappy State,
See my Tears distilling,
But pouring out too late.
And buy no foolish Fancy,
At too dear a Rate;
Alack for my Love I shall dye.

My Father is a Gentleman,
Well known of high Degree,
And tender of my Welfare
Evermore was he;
He fought for Reputation,
But all the worse for me,
Alack, &c.

There was a proper Maiden
Of Favour sweet and fair,
To whom in deep Affection
I closely did repair,
In Heart I dearly lov'd her,
Lo, thus began my Care;
Alack, &c.

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For Nature had adorn'd her
 With Qualities divine,
 Prudent in her Actions,
 And in Behaviour fine,
 Upon a sweeter Creature
 The Sun did never shine ;
Alack, &c.

Nothing wanting in her,
 But this the Grief of all,
 Of Birth she was but lowly,
 Of Substance very small,
 A simple hired Servant,
 And Subject at each Call.
Alack, &c.

Yet she was my Pleasure,
 My Joy and Hearts delight,
 More rich than any Treasure
 More precious in my Sight ;
 At length to one another
 Our promise we did plight.
Alack, &c.

And thus unto my Father
 The thing I did reveal,
 Desiring of his Favour,
 Nothing I did conceal ;
 But he my dear Affection
 Regarded ne'er a deal ;
Alack, &c.

Quoth he thou graceless Fellow
 Thou art my only Heir ;
 And for thy own Preferment
 Hast thou no better Care ?
 To marry with a Beggar
 That is both poor and bare ;
Alack, &c.

I charge

I charge thee on my Blessing,
 That you her sight refrain,
 And that into her Company
 You never come again ;
 That you should be so marryed,
 I take it in Disdain ;
Alack, &c.

Are there so many Gentlemen
 Of worshipful Degree,
 That have most honest Daughters
 Of Beauty fair and free,
 And none but a Beggar's Brat
 Content and pleasure thee ?
Alack, &c.

By God, that did all things create
 This Vow to thee I make,
 If thou do not this Beggar
 Refuse and quite forsake,
 From thee thy due Inheritance
 I wholly mean to take ;
Alack, &c.

These his bitter Speeches
 Did sore torment my Mind,
 Knowing well how greatly
 He was to Wealth inclin'd,
 My Heart was slain with sorrow,
 No comfort I could find ;
Alack, &c.

Then did I write a Letter,
 And sent it to my Dear.
 Wherein my first Affection
 All changed did appear ;
 Which from her fair Eyes forced
 The pearled Water clear ;
Alack, &c.

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For Grief unto the Messenger
 One Word she could not speak
 Those doleful heavy Tidings
 Her gentle Heart did break ;
 Yet sought not by her Speeches
 On me her Heart to wreak ;
Alack, &c.

This deed within my Conscience
 Tormented me full sore,
 To think upon the Promise
 I made her long before,
 And for the true Performance
 How I most deeply swore ;
Alack, &c.

I could not be in Quiet
 Till I to her did go,
 Who for my sake, remained
 In Sorrow, Grief and Woe,
 And unto her in Secret
 My full Intent to show ;
Alack, &c.

My Sight rejoiced greatly
 Her sad perplexed Heart,
 From both our Eyes on sudden
 The trickling Tears did start
 And in each other's Bosom
 We breathed forth our smart
Alack, &c.

Unknown unto my Father,
 Or any Friend beside,
 Our selves we closely married,
 She was my only Bride,
 Yet still within her Service
 I caus'd her to abide ;
Alack, &c.

But

But never had two Lovers,
 More Sorrow, Care and Grief,
 No Means in our Extremity
 We found for our Relief:
 And now what further happened
 Here followeth in brief;
Alack, &c.

Now you loyal Lovers,
 Attend unto the rest,
 See by secret Marriage
 How sore I am oppress'd,
 For why? my sad Misfortune
 Herein shall be express'd;
Alack, &c.

My Father came 'unto me
 Upon a certain Day,
 And with a merry Countenance,
 And looks that seem'd all gay:
 My Son quoth he come hither,
 And mark what I shall say;
Alack, &c.

Seeing you are disposed
 To lead a wedded Life,
 I have unto your Credit
 Provided you a Wife,
 Where you may live delightful
 Without all Care and Strife;
Alack, &c.

Master Senock's Daughter,
 Most Beautiful and Wise,
 Three hundred Pounds her Portion,
 May well thy Mind suffice,
 And by her Friends and Kindred
 Thou may'st to Credit rise;
Alack, &c.

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This is, my Son, undoubted,
 A Mate for thee most meet,
 She is a proper Maiden
 Most delicate and sweet,
 Go woe then and wed her,
 I shall rejoice to see't ;
Alack, &c.

Her Friends and I have talked,
 And thereon have agreed,
 Then be not thou abashed,
 But speedily proceed,
 Thou shalt be entertained,
 And have no doubt to speed ;
Alack, &c.

O pardon me, dear Father,
 With bashful Looks, I said,
 To enter into Marriage
 I sorely am afraid,
 A single Life is lovely,
 Therein my Mind is staid ;
Alack, &c.

When he had heard my Speeches,
 His Anger did arise,
 He drove me from his Presence,
 My Sight he did despise,
 And strait to disinherit me
 All means he did devise ;
Alack, &c.

When I, my self perceived,
 In that ill case to stand,
 Most lewdly I consented
 Unto his fond Demand,
 And married with the other,
 And all to save my Land ;
Alack, &c.

And at this hapless Marriage
Great cost my Friends did keep,
They spared not their Poultry,
Their Oxen, nor their Sheep;
Whilst joyfully they danced,
I did in Corners weep:
Alack, &c.

My Conscience sore tormented,
Did me of Joys deprive;
I for to hide my Sorrow
In Thought did always strive,
Quoth I, what Shame will it be
To have two Wives a live;
Alac,

O my sweet *Margaret*,
I did in Sorrow say,
Thou know'st not in thy Service,
Of this my Marriage Day,
Tho' here my Body resteth,
With thee my Heart doth stay;
Alack, &c.

And in my Meditations
Came in my lovely Bride,
With Chains and Jewels trimmed,
And silken Robes beside,
Saying, Why doth my true Love
So sadly here abide;
Alack, &c.

Yea, twenty lovely Kisses
She did on me bestow
And forth Abroad a walking,
This lovely Maid did go,
Yea, Arm in Arm most friendly
With him that was her Foe,
Alack, &c.

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But when that I had brought her

Where no Body was near,

I embraced her most falsely,

With a most feigned Cheer,

Unto the Heart I stab'd

This Maiden fair and Clear.

Alack, &c.

My self in woeful manner

I wounded with a Knife,

And laid my self down by her,

By this my married Wife,

And said, that Thieves to rob us,

Had wrought this deadly Strife ;

Alack, &c.

Great wailing and great Sorrow,

Was then upon each side,

In woeful sort they buried

This fair and comely Bride,

And my Dissimulation

Herein was quickly try'd ;

Alack, &c.

And for this cruel Murther,

To Death now I am brought ;

For this my aged Father

Did end his Days in nought ;

My *Margaret* at these Tidings

Her own Destruction wrought ;

Alack, &c.

Lo, here the doleful Peril,

Blind Fancy brought me in,

And mark what Care and Sorrow

Forc'd Marriages do bring,

All Men by me take Warning,

And God forgive my Sin ;

Alack, for my Love I shall dye.



XXXIV. A Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's FALL.

To the Tune of, *In Pescod Time, &c.*

MArk well my heavydoleful Tale,
 You loyal Lovers all,
 And heedfully bear in your Breast,
 A gallant Lady's Fall.
 Long was she woo'd e'er she was won,
 To taste a wedded Life,
 But Folly wrought her Overthrow,
 Before she was a Wife.

Too soon, alas, she gave consent
 To yield unto his Will,
 Though he protested to be true,
 And faithful to her still:
 She felt her Body alter'd quite,
 Her bright Hue waxed pale,
 Her fair red Cheeks turn'd Colour white,
 Her Strength began to fail,

So that with many a sorrowful Sigh,
 This beauteous Maiden mild,
 With grievous Heart perceiv'd herself
 To have conceiv'd with Child:
 She kept it from her Father's sight,
 As close as close might be,
 And so put on her silken Gown,
 Nonemight her swelling see.

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Unto her Lover secretly,
 She did her self bewray,
 And walking with him Hand in Hand,
 These Words to him did say ;
 Behold, said she, a Maid's Distress
 By Love reduc'd to Woe,
 Behold I go with Child by thee,
 But none thereof doth know.

The little Babe springs in my Womb,
 To hear the Father's Voice,
 Let it not be a Bastard called,
 Sith I made thee my Choice :
 Come, come, my Love, perform thy Vow,
 And wed me out of Hand ;
 O leaye me not in this Extream,
 In Grief always to stand.

Think on thy former Promise made,
 Thy Vows and Oaths each one,
 remember with what bitter Tears
 To me thou mad'st thy Moan.
 Convey me to some secret Place,
 And marry me with speed,
 Or with thy Rapier end my Life,
 E'er further shame proceed.

Alas, my dearest Love, quoth he,
 My greatest Joy on Earth,
 Which way can I convey thee hence,
 Without a sudden Death ?
 Thy Friends they be of high Degree,
 And I of mean Estate,
 Full hard it is to get thee forth
 Out of thy Father's Gate.

Oh, do not fear to save my Fame,
 And if thou taken be,
 My self will step between the Swords,
 And take the Harm on me.

So shall I 'scape dishonour quite,
 If I perchance be slain ;
 What could they say but that true Love
 Had wrought a Lady's Bane.

And dread not any farther Harm,
 My self will so devise,
 That I will go away with thee,
 Unseen of Mortal Eyes:
 Disguised like some pretty Page,
 I'll meet thee in the Dark,
 And all alone I'll come to thee,
 Hard by my Father's Park.

And there, quoth he, I'll meet thee,
 If God do lend me Life,
 And this Day Month without all fail,
 I will make thee my Wife :
 Then with a sweet and loving Kiss,
 They parted presently,
 And at their parting brinish Tears,
 Stood in each other's Eye,

At length the wish'd for Day was come,
 On which this beauteous Maid,
 With lovely Eyes, and strange Attire,
 For her true Lover staid:
 When any Person she espy'd
 Come riding o'er the Plain,
 She thought it was her own true Love,
 But all her Hopes were vain,

Then did she weep and sore bewail
 Her most unhappy State,
 Then did she speak these woeful Words,
 Then succourless she sat:
 O false, forsworn, and faithless Wretch,
 D'st loyal to thy Love ;
 Hast thou forgot thy Promise made,
 And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

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And hast thou now forsaken me
 In this my great Distress,
 To end my Days in open shame,
 Which thou might'st well redress,
 Woe worth the time I did believe
 That flattering Tongue of thine,
 Would God that I had never seen
 The Tears of thy false Eyne.

And thus with many a Sorrowful Sigh,
 Homeward she went again,
 No rest came in her watry Eyes,
 She felt such bitter Pain.
 In Travail strong she fell that Night,
 With many a bitter Throw,
 What woeful Pangs she then did feel,
 Doth each good Woman know.

She called up her Waiting Maid,
 That lay at her Bed's Feet,
 Who musing at her Mistress's Woe,
 Did strait begin to weep:
 Weep not, said she, but shut the Door,
 And Windows round about,
 Let none bewail my wretched Case,
 But keep all Persons out.

O Mistress, call your Mother dear,
 Of Women you have need,
 And of some skilful Midwife's help,
 The better you may speed.
 Call not my Mother for the Life,
 Nor call the Women here,
 The Midwife's Help comes now too late,
 My Death I do not fear.

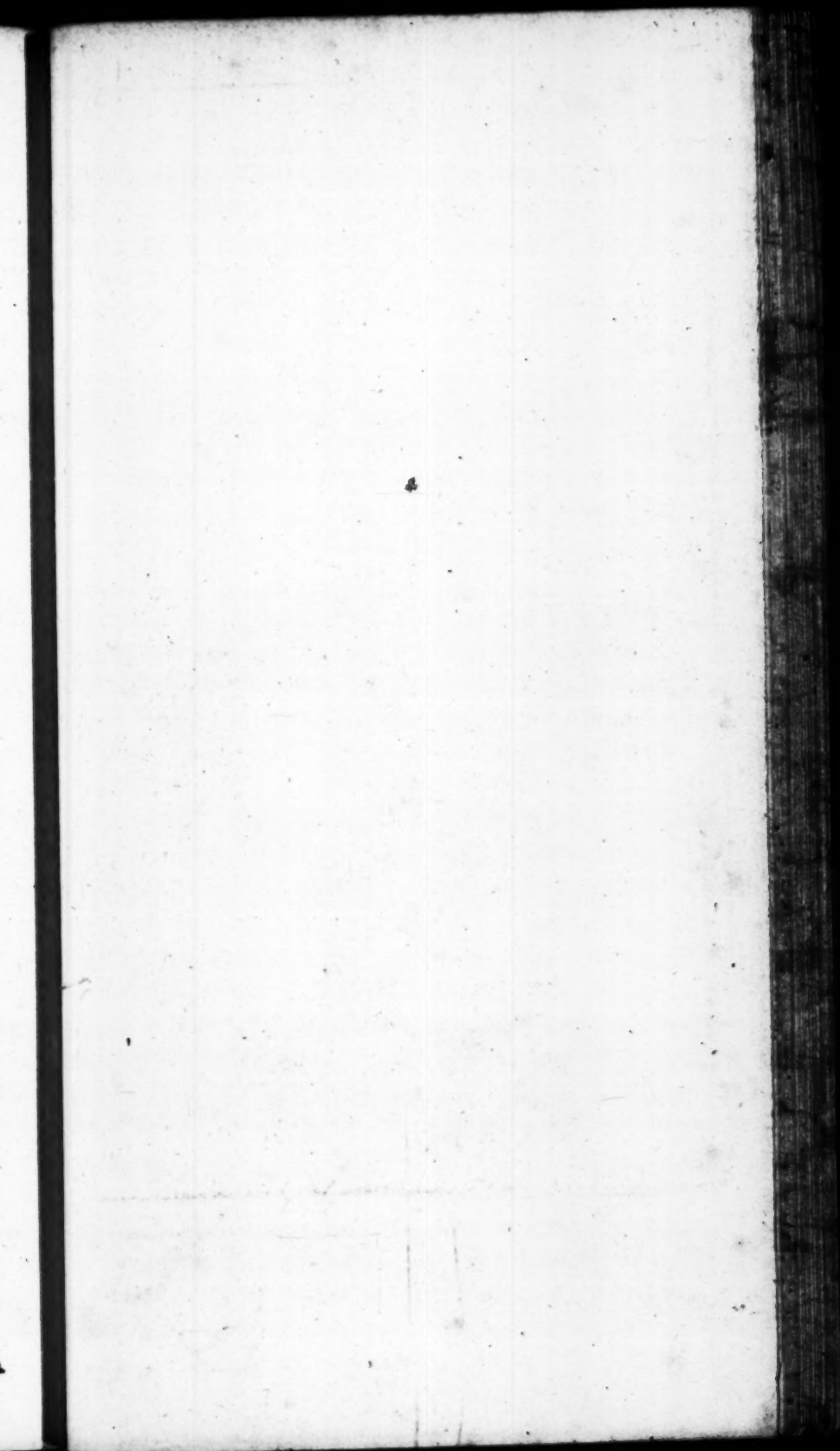
With that the Babe sprang in her Womb
 No Creature being nigh,
 And with a Sigh, that broke her Heart,
 This Gallant Dame did dye

This living little Infant young,
 The Mother being dead,
 Resign'd his new received Breath,
 To him that had him made.

Next Morning came her Lover true,
 Affrighted at this News,
 And he for Sorrow flew himself,
 Whom each one did accuse :
 The Mother, with the new born Babe,
 Were both laid in one Grave,
 Their Parents overcome with Woe,
 No Joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty Damsels all,
 Of flattering Words beware,
 And of the Honour of your Names,
 Have you a special Care :
 Too true, alas, this Story is,
 As many one can tell ;
 By other's Harms learn to be wise,
 And you shall do full well.







Vol. 1

XXXV
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XXXV. A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord *Thomas* and fair *Ellinor*, together with the Downfal of the Brown Girl.

Lord *Thomas* he was a bold Forrester,
And a Chafer of the King's Deer;
Fair *Ellinor* was a fine Woman,
And Lord *Thomas* he loved her dear,
Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, he said
And riddle us both as one,
Whether I shall marry with fair *Ellinor*
And let the Brown Girl alone?

The Brown Girl she has got Houses and Land,
And fair *Ellinor* she has got none,
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,
Bring me the Brown Girl Home,

As it befell on a high Holiday,
As many more did beside,
Lord *Thomas* he went to fair *Ellinor*,
That should have been his Bride.

But when he came to fair *Ellinor's* Bower,
He knocked there at the Ring,
But who was so ready as fair *Ellinor*,
For to let Lord *Thomas* in.

What News, what News, Lord *Thomas*, she said,
What News hast thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my Wedding,
And that is bad News for thee.

O God forbid, Lord *Thomas*, she said,
That such a thing should be done ;
I thought to have been thy Bride my own self,
And you to have been the Bridegroom.

Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, she said,
And riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall go to Lord *Thomas's* Wedding,
Or whether I shall tarry at Home ?

There are many that are your Friends, Daughter,
And many that are your Foe,
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,
To Lord *Thomas's* Wedding don't go.

There's many that are my Friends, Mother,
And if a thousand more were my Foe,
Betide my Life, betide my Death,
To Lord *Thomas's* Wedding I'll go.

She cloathed herself in gallant Attire,
And her merry Men all in Green,
And as they rid through every Town,
They took her to be some Queen.

But when she came to Lord *Thomas's* Gate,
She knocked there at the Ring ;
But who was so ready as Lord *Thomas*,
To let fair *Ellinor* in.

Is this your Bride, fair *Ellinor* said ?
Methinks she looks wonderful brown,
Thou might'st have had as fair a Woman,
As ever trod on the Ground.

Despise her not, fair *Ellin*, he said,
Despise her not unto me :
For better I love thy little Finger,
Than all her whole Body.

This brown Bride had a little Penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short Ribs and the long,
Prick'd fair *Ellinor* to the Heart.

© Christ, now save thee, Lord *Thomas*, she said,
Methinks thou look'st wond'rous wan,
Thou us'd to look with as fresh a Colour,
As ever the Sun shin'd on.

Oh, art thou blind? Lord *Thomas*, she said,
Or can'st thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my own Heart's Blood
Run trickling down my Knee.

Lord *Thomas* he had a Sword by his side,
As he walked about the Hall,
He cut off his Bride's Head from her Shoulderst
And threw it against the Wall.

He set the Hilt against the Ground,
And the Point against his Heart;
There never were three Lovers met
That sooner did depart.





XXXVI. An excellent Ballad of a Noble Marquis and Patient Griffel.

To the tune of, *The Bride's Good-morrow*, &c.

Had I omitted this Story of Patient Griffel I am afraid the Admirers of old Ballads, would accuse me of overlooking one of our most Antique Songs. The first Part is entirely written on the same Subject as the Devonshire Nymph, Page 227. but which of the Stories is the best related, I shall leave my Readers to determine. I am afraid the Criticks will cavil at all and some, and such like Expressions, which they'll be apt to say might as well have been omitted. Another Objection they'll probably make is, that the Character of Griffel is out of Nature, and that such an Example of Patience never was. To the first I answer, that it is a Maxim laid down by several, and in the last Place by Hudibras, that one Verse for Sense, and another for Rhyme is sufficient at once; and to vindicate our Poet from the other, it may naturally be supposed that he had unfortunately marry'd a Shrew, and was willing to preach up the Doctrine of

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Patience to Wives, by shewing them the Blessings that attend this great uncommon Virtue; and I have inserted it, thinking, that amongst my Readers, I might have some Husbands, who would be glad of carrying such an excellent Song to their Wives.

A Noble Marquis,
 As he did ride a Hunting,
 Hard by a Forest side,
 A fair and comely Maiden,
 As she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espy'd :
 Most fair and lovely,
 And of a comely Grace was she,
 Although in simple Attire ;
 She sung most sweetly,
 With pleasant Voice melodiously,
 Which set the Lord's Heart on fire,
 The more he look'd, the more he might,
 Beauty was his Heart's Delight :
 And to this Damsel
 Strait the Noble went,
 God speed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,
 Fair Mistress of this homely Bower,
 Where Love and Virtue
 Dwells with sweet Content.

With comely Gesture,
 And modest behaviour,
 She bids him welcome hen ;
 She entertained him
 In faithful friendly manner,
 And all his Gentl men .
 The Noble Marquis
 In His Heart felt such a flame,
 Which set his Senses all at Strife,

Quoth

Quoth he, Fair Maiden,
 Shew me soon what is thy Name,
 I mean to make thee my Wife.
Grissel is my Name, quoth she,
 Far unfit for your Degree,
 A silly Maiden
 And of Parents poor.
 Nay *Grissel*, thou art rich, he said,
 A virtuous, fair and comely Maid:
 Grant me thy Love,
 And I will ask no more,

At length she consented,
 And being both contented,
 They married were with speed,
 Her Country Ruffet
 Was changed to Silk and Velvet,
 As to her State agreed:
 And when that she
 Was trimly'tired in the same,
 Her beauty shin'd most bright,
 Far stayning every other
 Fair and Princely Dame,
 Many envied her therefore,
 Because she was of Parents poor,
 And 'twixt her Lord and she
 Great Strife did raise:
 Some said this, and some said that,
 And some did call her Beggar's Brat,
 And to her Lord
 They would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marquiss,
 Quoth they, whey didst thou wrong us,
 Thus basely for to wed,
 Who might have gotten
 An honourable Lady
 Into your Princely Bed?

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Who will not now
 Your noble Issue now deride,
 Which shall hereafter be born,
 That are of Blood so base
 Born by the Mother's side,
 The which will bring them in Scorn?
 Put her therefore quite away,
 And take to you a Lady gay,
 Whereby your Lineage
 May renowned be.
 Thus every Day they did prate,
 That envy'd Grissel's good Estate,
 Who all this while
 Took it most patiently.

When that the Marquis
 Did see they were bent thus,
 Against his lawful Wife,
 Whom he most dearly,
 Tenderly and entirely
 Beloved as his Life;
 Meaning in secret
 For to try her Patient Heart,
 Thereby his Foes for to disgrace,
 Thinking to shew her
 A hard discourteous Part,
 That Men might Pity her Case;
 Great with Child the Lady was,
 And at the last it came to pass,
 Two goodly Children
 At one Birth she had:
 A Son and Daughter God had sent,
 Which did their Mother well content,
 And which did make
 Their Fathers' Heart full glad.

Great Royal Feasting
Was at these Children' Christening,
And Princely Triumph made ?

Six Weeks together

All Nobles that came thither,
Were entertain'd and staid ;

And when that all the pleasant
Sporting quite was done,

The Marquiss a Messenger sent
For his young Daughter,
And his pretty smiling Son ;

Declaring his full Intent
How the Babes must murder'd be,
For so the Marquiss did decree,
Come let me have

The Children then he said ;
With that fair *Grissel* wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more
But my gracious Lord

Must have his Will obey'd.

She took the Babes
Even from the Nursing Ladies
Between her tender Arms :

She often wishes,

With many sorrowful Kisses,

That she might ease their Harms :

Farewell, farewell,

A thousand times my C hildren dear ;

Never shall I see you again ;

'Tis long of me

Your sad and woeful Mother here,

For whose sake both must be slain,

Had I been born of Royal Race,

You might have liv'd in happy Case,

But you must dye

For my Unworthiness :

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Come Messenger of Death, quoth she,
 Take my dearest Babes to thee,
 And to their Father
 My Complaints express.

He took the Children
 And to his Noble Master,
 He bore them thence with speed,
 Who in secret sent them
 Unto a Noble Lady
 To be brought up indeed
 Then to fair *Grissel*
 With a heavy Heart he goes,
 Where she sat mildly all alone ;
 A pleasant Gesture,
 And a lovely Look she shows,
 As if no Grief she had known.
 Quoth he, my Children now are slain,
 What thinks fair *Grissel* of the same
 Sweet *Grissel* now
 Declare thy Mind to me,
 Sith you, my Lord, are pleas'd with it,
 Poor *Grissel* thinks this Action fit
 Both I and mine
 At your Command wil be.

My Nobles murmur,
 Fair *Grissel*, at thy Honour,
 And I no Joy can have,
 'Till thou be banish'd
 Both from my Court and Presence,
 As they unjustly crave.
 Thou must be stript
 Of thy brave Garments all,
 And as thou cam'st to me,
 In homely Grey,
 Instead of Silk and purest Pall,
 Now all thy Cloathing must be.

My Lady thou must be no more,
 Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me sore,
 The poorest Life
 Must now content thy Mind :
 A Groat to thee I dare not give
 Thee to maintain while I do live,
 Against my *Grissel*,
 Such great Foes I find.

When gentle *Grissel*
 Did hear these woeful Tydings,
 The Tears stood in her Eyes,
 Nothing she answer'd,
 No words of Discontent
 Did from her Lips arise,
 Her Velvet Gown
 Most patiently she stripped off,
 Her Kertle of Silk with the same :
 Her Russet Gown
 Was brought again with many a Scoff,
 To hear them herself she did frame :
 When she was dress'd in this Array,
 And ready for to pass away,
 God send long Life
 Unto my Lord, quoth she.
 Let no Offence be found in this,
 To give my Lord a parting Kiss,
 With watry Eyes
 Farwel my Dear, said she.

From Princely Palace
 Unto her Father's Cottage,
 Poor *Grissel* she is gone ;
 Full fifteen Winters
 She lived there contented,
 No Wrong she thought upon :
 And at this time through all
 The Land the Speeches went,
 The Marquiss should married be,

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Unto a Noble Lady,
Of high Descent.

And to the same all Parties agree,
The Marquiss sent for *Grissel* fair,
The Bride's Bed Chamber to Prepare,
That nothing therein
Might be found awry.

The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great Joy to all and some ;
But *Grissel* took all this
Most Patiently.

And in the Morning
When as they should be wedded,
Her Patience there was try'd,

Grissel was charged,
Herself in friendly manner,
For to attire the Bride :

Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same,
The Bride in bravery was dress'd,

And presently
The Noble Marquiss thither came,
With all his Lords at his Request,

O *Grissel*, I will ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wilt agree ?
Methinks thy Looks

Are waxed wond'rous coy :
With that they all began to smile,
And *Grissel* she reply'd the while.
God send Lord Marquiss

Many Years of Joy,

The Marquiss was moved,
To see his best beloved

Thus patient in Distress :
He kept unto her,
And by the Hand he took her,
These Words he did express :

Thou

Thou art my Bride.
 And all the Brides I mean to have,
 These two thine own Children be.
 The youthful Lady
 On her Knees did Blessing crave,
 Her Brother as well as she.
 And you that envy her Estate,
 Whom I have made my chosen Mate,
 Now blush for Shame,
 And honour virtuous Life ;
 The Chronicles of lasting Fame,
 Shall evermore extol the Name
 Of patient *GRISSSEL*,
 My most constant Wife.



XXXVII. The



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XXXVII. A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgments shewed on *Ferman's* Wife of *Clifton* in the County of *Nottingham*, who lying in Child-Bed, was borne away, and never heard of afterwards.

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

Amongst the several Subjects I have hitherto entered upon, I have not yet touch'd upon the Miraculous, to the no little Disappointment, I am afraid, of my aged Female Readers, who, like the Justice in the What d'ye Call it, doubtless expect in such a Collection a Competency of Ghosts. To comply with their Taste, I have inserted the two following Songs, which, as they are very extraordinary in their Kind, will, I hope, make some Amends for their waiting so long; the former indeed is a very popular One, and I am well assur'd the latter has its Admirers.

You

YOU dainty Dames so finely fram'd
 In Beauty's chiefest Mould,
 And you that trip it up and down,
 Like Lambs in *Cupid's* Fold,
 Here is a Lesson to be learn'd,
 Most wond'rous in its Kind,
 For such as will prove false in Love,
 And bear a faithless Mind.

Not far from *Nottingham*, of late,
 In *Clifton*, as I hear,
 There dwelt a fair and comely Dame,
 For Beauty without Peer;
 Her Cheeks were like the Crimson Rose,
 Yet as you may perceive,
 The fairest Face, the falsest Heart,
 And soonest will deceive.

This gallant Dame she was belov'd
 Of many in that Place,
 And many sought in Marriage Bed
 Her Body to embrace:
 At last a handsome proper Youth,
 Young *Bateman* call'd by Name,
 In hopes to make a married Wife,
 Unto this Maiden came.

Such Love and Liking here was found,
 That he from all the rest,
 Had stol'n away the Maiden's Heart,
 And she did love him best;
 Then plighted Promise secretly
 Did pass between them two,
 That nothing could but Death itself,
 This true Love's Knot undo.

He brake a Piece of Gold in twain,
 One half to her he gave,
 The other as a Pledge, quoth he,
 Dear Heart my self will have.

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If I do break my Vow, quoth she,
While I remain alive,
May never thing I rake in hand,
Be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two Month's space,
And then this Maid began
To tettle Love and liking too
Upon another Man :
Ferman, who a Widower was,
Her Husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater Wealth,
And better in Degree,

Her vows and Promise lately made
To *Bateman* she deny'd ;
And in Despight both him and his,
She utterly defy'd,
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
That you will me forsake,
And like a false and forsworn Wretch
Another Husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet Hour,
For, surely I shall have
Thee either alive or Dead
When for thy sake in Grave.
Thy faithless Mind thou shalt repent
Therefore be thou assured,
Then for thy sake thou hear'st Report,
What torments I endur'd.

But mark how *Bateman*, dy'd for Love,
And finished his Life,
That very Day she marry'd was,
And made old *Ferman's* Wife,
For with a strangling Cord, God wot,
Great Moan was made therefore,
He hang'd himself in desperate Sort,
Before the Bride's own Door.

Whereat

Whereat such Sorrow pierc'd her Heart,
 And troubled sore her Mind,
 That she could never after that
 One Day of Comfort find ;
 And wheresoever she did go,
 Her Fancy did surmise, ⁴
 Young *Bateman's* pale and ghastly Ghost
 Appear'd before her Eyes.

When she in Bed at Night did lye
 Betwixt her Husband's Arms,
 In hope thereby to sleep and rest ,
 In Safety without Harms ;
 Great Cries and grievous Groans she heard
 A Voice that sometimes cry'd,
 O thou art she that I must have,
 I will not be deny'd.

But she now being big with Child,
 Was for the Infant's sake,
 Preserved from the Spirit's Power,
 No Vengeance could it take.
 The Babe unborn did safely keep,
 As God appointed so,
 His Mother's Body from the Fiend,
 That sought its Overthrow.

But being of her Burthen eas'd,
 And safely brought to Bed,
 Her Care and Grief began anew,
 And farther Sorrow bred :
 And of her Friends she did intreat,
 Desiring them to stay,
 Out of the Bed, quoth she, this Night
 I shall be borne away.

Here comes the Spirit of my Love,
 With pale and ghastly Face,
 Who till he bear me hence away,
 Will not depart this place.

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Alive or Dead I'm his by Right,
And surely he will have,
In spight of me and all the World,
What I by Promise gave.

O watch with me this Night I pray,
And see you do not sleep,
No longer than you keep awake,
My Body can you keep.
All promised to do their best,
Yet nothing could suffice,
At middle of the Night to keep.
Sad Slumber from their Eyes.

So being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The Child-Bed Woman that woeful Night
From thence was borne away ;
And to what Place no Creature knew,
Nor to this Day can tell ;
As strange a Thing as ever yet
In any Age befel.

You Maidens that would happy prove,
And would good Husbands chuse,
The Man whom you did vow to love,
By no Means do refuse.
For God that hears all secret Oaths,
Will dreadful Vengeance take,
On such that of a wilful Vow
Do slender Reckoning make.





XXXVIII. The *Suffolk* Miracle : Or
A Relation of a Young Man, who
a Month after his Death appear'd
to his Sweetheart, [and carry'd
her on Horseback behind him
for forty Miles in two Hours, and
was never seen after but in his
Grave.

To the Tune of, *My bleeding Heart*, &c.

A Wonder stranger n'er was known
Than what I now shall treat upon,
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell,
A Farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
On whom he placed his whole Delight;
Her Beauty was beyond compare,
She was both Virtuous and Fair,

There was a young Man living by,
Who was so charmed with her Eye,
That he could never be at rest.
He was by Love so much possess'd :

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He made Adrefs to her, and ſhe,
 Did grant him Love immediately;
 But when her Father came to hear,
 He parted her, and her poor Dear.

Forty Miles diſtant was ſhe ſent,
 Unto his Brother's, with intent
 That ſhe ſhould there ſo long remain,
 'Till ſhe had changed her Mind again.

Hereat this Young Man ſadly griev'd,
 But knew no how to be reliev'd;
 He ſigh'd and ſob'd continually,
 That his true Love he could not ſee.

She by no means could to him ſend,
 Who was her Heart's elpouſed Friend;
 He ſigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,
 For ſhe confin'd muſt ſtill remain.

He mourn'd ſo much, that Doctor's Art,
 Could give no eaſe unto his Heart,
 Who was ſo ſtrangely terrify'd,
 That in ſhort time for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was ſent away,
 Knew nothing of his Dying-day,
 But conſtant ſtill ſhe did remain,
 And lov'd the Dead, altho' in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid
 A Month or more, unto this Maid
 He came in middle of the Night.
 Who joy'd to ſee her Heart's Delight.

Her Father's Horſe, which ſhe knew,
 Her Mother's Hood and Safe-Guard too,
 He brought with him, to teſtify,
 Her Parent's Order he come by.

Which when her Uncle understood,
He hop'd it would be for her good,
And gave Consent to her straitway,
That with him she should come away,

When she was got her Love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any Wind,
That within two Hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great Haste make,
He did complain his Head did ache ;
Her Handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his Head about :

And unto him she thus did say,
Thou art as cold as any Clay ;
When we come Home a Fire we'll have ;
But little dream'd he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's Door,
And after she n'er saw him more :
I'll set the Horse up, then he said,
And there he left this harmless Maid.

She knock'd, and strait a Man he cry'd
Who's there ? 'Tis I, she then reply'd ;
Who wonder'd much her Voice to hear,
And was possess'd with Dread and Fear.

Her Father he did tell, and then
He star'd like an affrighted Man ;
Down Stairs he ran, and when he see her
Cry'd out, My Child, how cam'st thou here

Pray Sir, did you not send for me,
By such a Messenger, said she ;
Which made his Hair stare on his Head,
As knowing well that he was dead :

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Where is he ? then to her, he said,
 He's in the Stable, quoth the Maid,
 Go in, said he, and go to Bed,
 I'll see the Horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he
 No Shape of any Mankind see,
 But found his Horse all on a Swear,
 Which made him in a deadly Fret.

His Daughter he said nothing to,
 Nor none else, tho' full well they knew,
 That he was dead a Month before,
 For fear of grieving her full sore,

Her Father to the Father went
 Of the Deceas'd, with full Intent
 To tell him what his Daughter said,
 So both came back unto this Maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say,
 'Twas he that then brought her away ;
 Which when they heard, they were amaz'd
 And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief she said she ty'd
 About his Head ; and that they try'd,
 The Sexton they did speak unto,
 The Grave would then undo :

Affrighted, then they did behold
 His Body turning into Mould,
 And though he had a Month been Dead,
 This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,
 And the whole Truth they did unfold ;
 She was thereat so terrified
 And grieved, that she quickly dyed.

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Part not true Love, you rich Men then
But if they be right honest Men
Your Daughters love, give them their Way,
For force oft breeds their Lives decay.



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XXXIX. The *Scotch* Lover's Lamentation : Or, *Gilderoy's* last Farewell.

There is nothing wanted to make this Volume a perfect Medly, and to fit some Ballad to the Taste of every Reader, but the adding of a few old Scotch Songs, and therefore I shall close my Collection with 'em. The Hero of the following Ballad cannot be recorded very much to his Praise, for besides Robberies and common Murders, he is accus'd of Parricide and Incest. It is somewhere said of him, that he set fire to his Mother's House, cut her Throat, ravish'd his Sisters, fled into France, pick'd Cardinal Richlieu's Pocket in the King's Presence, return'd to England, robb'd Oliver Cromwel, hang'd a Judge, and was at length taken and executed in Scotland, a little before the Restoration. As most Stories of this Nature are advanced without any good Foundation, but barely upon meer Report, I shall not enter into the Particulars of 'em, nor trouble my Readers with any more Introductions, tho' there be a Story belonging to Bonny Dundee, for I very much question the Truth of it.

GILDEROY was a bonny Boy,
 Had Roses tull he Shoon,
 His Stockings made of the finest Silk,
 His Garters hanging down :
 It were a comely sight to see,
 He were so trim a Boy,
 He was my Joy and Hearts Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Oh ! like a Charming Eyne he had,
 A Breath as sweet as Rose,
 He never wore a Highland Plad,
 But costly silken Cloaths,
 He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
 There's none to him was coy ;
 Ay, way is me, ile mourn this Day,
 For my dear *Gilderoy*,

My *Gilderoy* and I were born
 Both in one Town together,
 Not passing seven Years ago,
 Since one did love each other :
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both
 Were cloath'd with muckle Joy,
 To think upon the Bridal-Day,
 'Twixt me and *Gilderoy*

• For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
 Gued faith Ise freely bought,
 A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
 With silken Flowers wrought,
 And he gave me a Wedding Ring,
 Which I receiv'd with Joy,
 No Lad or Lasses e'er could sing,
 Like me and *Gilderoy*,

In muckle Joy we spent our time,
 Till we were both sixteen,
 Then gently he did lay me down,
 Among the Leaves so green.

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When he had done what he could do,
 He rose and gang'd his way,
 But ever since I love the Man,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

While we did both together play
 He kiss'd me o'er and o'er ;
 Gued Faith it was as Blith a Day
 As e'er I saw before ;
 He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein,
 With Love and mickle Joy,
 But when shall I behold again
 Mine own sweet *Gilderoy*.

'Tis pity Men should e'er be hang'd
 That take up Women'd Geer,
 Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,
 Or stealing Cow or Mare.
 Had not our Laws been made so stri&
 Is'd never had lost my Joy,
 Who was my Love and Hearts Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
 Must he be punish'd then ?
 What kind of Cruelty is this,
 To hang such handsome Men !
 The Flower of the *Scottish* Land,
 A sweet and lovely Boy :
 He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
 And there Got-wor they bang'd him,
 Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,
 And there God-wor they hang'd him :
 'They hang'd him up above the rest,
 He was so trim a Boy,
 My only Love and Heart's Delight,
 My handsome *Gilderoy*.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
 In Cyprus he was laid,
 Then for my dearest, after Death,
 A Funeral I made :
 Over his Grave a Marble-Stone
 I fixed for my Joy,
 Now I am left to weep alone
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.





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LX. Bonny *Dundee* : Or, *Fockey's*
 Deliverance. Being the Valiant
 Escape from *Dundee*, and the
 Parson's Daughter, whom he had
 mow'd.

To an Excellent Tune, call'd, *Bonny Dundee*.

W Here gottest thou the *Haver-mill Bonack*,
 Blind Booby canst thou not see,
 He got it out of the *Scotchman's Woller*,
 As he lig lousing him under a Tree,
 Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
 Come saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,
 Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
 For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor stole,
 Nor have I done any Injury,
 But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,
 The Parson's Daughter of bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
 Come saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,
 Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
 For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Altho' Ise gotten her Maidan-head,
 Gued Faith, Ise given mine in lieu,
 For when at her Daddy's Ise gang to Bed,
 Ise mow'd her without any more to do ;

He cuddle her close, and gave her a Kiss,
 Pray tell me now where is the Harm of this,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,
 For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee,*

All Scotland never afforded a Lads,
 So bonny and blith as Fenny my dear,
 He gave her a Gown so green on the Grass,
 But now Ise no longer must tarry here,
*Then saddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,
 For now it is time to gang hence away,
 Then open the Gates, and let me go free,
 She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.*

In Liberty still I reckon to range,
 For why, I have done no Honest Man wrong,
 The Parson may take his Daughter again,
 For she'll be a Mammy before it is long,
 And have a young Lad or a Lads of my Breed,
 Ise think I have done a generous Deed:
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,
 For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

Since Fenny the fair was willing and kind,
 And came to my Arms with ready good Will,
 A Token of Love Ise leave her behind,
 That I have requited her kindness still,
 Tho' Fenny the fair I often have mow'd,
 Another may reap the Harvest I sow'd,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,
 She's ken me no more in bonny Dundee.*

Her Daddy would have me to make her my Bride,
 But Have and to Hold I ne'er could endure,
 From bonny Dundee this Day I will ride,
 It being a Place not safe and secure;
 Then Fenny farewell my Joy and my dear,
 With Sword in my Hand the Passage Ise clear,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,
 For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.*

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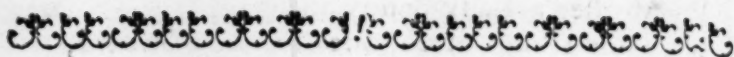
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My Father he is a muckle good Laird,
 My Mother a Lady bonny and gay,
 Then while I have Strength to handle a Sweard,
 The Parson's Request Ise never obey,
 Then Sawny my Man be thou of my Mind,
 In bonny Dundee wese ne'er be confin'd,
*The Gates we will force to set our selves free,
 And never come more to bonny Dundee.*

Then Sawny reply'd, Ise never refuse
 To fight for a Laird so valiant and bold,
 While I have a Drop of Blood for to lose,
 E'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold,
 This Sweard in my Hand I'll valiantly weild,
 To fight by your side to kill or be kill'd,
*To force open the Gates and set our selves free,
 And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.*

With Sweards ready drawn they rid to the Gate,
 Where being deny'd a free Passage thorough,
 The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
 That some ran away, and others they slew;
 Thus Focky the Laird, and Sawny the Man,
 They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
*In sight of the Loons they set themselves free,
 And so bid Adieu to bonny Dundee.*





XLI. Slighted *Focky* : Or, Coy
Moggy's unspeakable Cruelty.

COME sweet Lafs,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together;
Come sweet Lafs
Let's trip it on the Grass,
Every where
Poor *Focky* seeks his Dear,
And unless you appear,
He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green
The Loons are sporting,
Piping, courting,
On our green
The blithest Lads are seen;
There all Day
Our Lasses dance and play,
And every one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

How can I
Have any Pleasure
While my Treasure
Is not by ?
The Rural Harmony
Is not mind,
But Captive like confin'd.
Is lig in Shades behind,
'Cause *Moggy* proves unkind.

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There is none
That can delight me,
If you slight me,
All alone,
If e'er I make my moan
Life's a Pain
Since by your coy Disdain,
Like an unhappy Swain,
I sigh and weep in vain.

I could be
Right Blith and Jolly;
Melancholly
N'er should be
My fatal Destiny,
If I might
But have my Love in sight
Whose Angel-Beauty bright
Was ever my Delight.

Have I not,
In *Moggy's* Dances
Seen those Glances,
Which have shot,
And, like a Fowler, caught
My poor Heart,
Yes, and I feel the Smart
Of *Cupid's* fatal Dart,
Since we have been apart.

Femmy can,
With pretty *Nancy*
Have his Fancy,
Femmy can,
Tho' not so blith a Man,
Have his Will,
Kiss and enjoy her still,
While I on each green Hill,
Weep and lament my fill.

I'll not wear,
The Wreath of Willow,
Floramella

Charming fair,
Shall ease me of my Care ;
Who can tell,
But she may please as well ?
No longer will I dwell
In Love's tormenting Cells



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XLII. *Fockey* and *Fenny*: Or The
Yielding Maid.

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcel*

'T WAS in the Month of *May*, *Jo*.
When *Focky* first I spy'd,
He look'd as fair as Day too,
Gud gin I'd ben his Bride:
With Cole black Eyne and Milk white Hand,
Ife ne'er yet saw the like,
I wish I had gin aw my Land,
Ife ne'er had teen the Dike.

He fix'd his^r Eyne upon me,
With aw the Signs of Love,
Ife thought they would gang thro me,
So fiercely they did move.
He ruke me in his eager Arms,
Ife made but faint Denials,
Ife then alas, found aw his Charms,
Woe worth such fatal Tryals.

The bonny Lad at last *Jo*,
Was forc'd tell gang away,
But Ife had cane stuck fast tho',
Full nine Months from that Day.
And now poor *Fenny's* Maidenhead,
Shame on't they find is lost,
The little Brat has aw betray'd,
Was ever Lafs thus cross'd.

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One Day young *Fenny*, with her Son,
 She to the Fields did go,
 Unto some pleasant Valley, where
 Sweet smelling Flowers did grow ;
 She sat herself down on the Ground,
 With Tears under a Tree,
 Crying *Fockey* has me betray'd,
 And will not marry me.

Now *Fockey* was a Miller's Son,
 Of *Edinburgh* Town,
 And as she sate lamenting there,
 With Tears upon the Ground :
 She see *Fockey* upon a Horse,
 Come riding on the Way,
 And on his Flute, this muckle Lad,
 Melodiously did Play.

So soon as she beheld his Face,
 She straitway did arise,
 To go and meet this bonny Lad ;
 The Tears stood in her Eyes ;
 But when she came to him, she cry'd,
 You've got my Maiden-head,
 This Brat his brought my Shame to light,
 When will you with me wed.

With that *Fockey* he did alight,
 And with a sweet Embrace,
 He said to her, My dearest Dear,
 To Morrow in this Place,
 If you'll be sure to meet me here,
 We to the Kirk will hie,
 And there, my Dear, the Marriage-Knot
 In Love we then will tye.

Then

Then with a Kifs they both did part,
And met again next Day,
They were both marry'd after that,
And Home they went their Way,
Unto a Houfe, whereas that Day
In Joy and Mirth was spent,
Thus *Fenny* ſhe was made a Wife,
Unto her Hearts content.



XLIII. *Fockey's Courtship.*

A *Scotch Song* by a Person of Quality.

THo' *Fockey* su'd me long, he met Disdain,
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain,
 Give o'er, said I, give o'er,
 Your silly fond Amour,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply ;
 At last he forc'd a Kifs,
 Which I took not amifs,
 And since I've known the Blifs,
 I'll ne'er deny.

My *Fockey* he had like a Man-like Face,
 And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
 Tho' I cry'd *Fockey* fie,
 Your Suit I must deny,
 I ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield not I,
 With that he was amaz'd,
 He kifs'd my Hand and gaz'd,
 Which so much Passion rais'd,
 I did comply.

When *Fockey* saw me yield, he me embrac'd,
 And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waste,
 My dear, said he, to you,
 I'll ever be true,
 And ne'er, ne'er ne'er ne'er you deceive,
 But will for ever love you,
 And prize none above you,
 From you I'll never remove
 You may believe.

Then

Then when you court a Lasse that's coy,
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to shuns its Joy,
 If you press her to do so,
 Never mind her no, no, no,
 But trust her Eyes :
 For Coyne's gives denial,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho she swears you shan't come nigh all,
 I am sure she lies.



XLIV. The *Scotch* Lafs's Complaint for the los of her Maidenhead.

UPON my Way from *Fife* to *Aberdeen*,
Ise met the bonniest Lad as e'er was seen,
Black Eyne, and Ruby Lip, and on each Brow
Sat Charms, as made me love Ise know not how,
With muckle Joys and Raptures he me embrac'd,
And cast his folding Arms about my Waste,
And was so lovely brisk and blith that I,
To *Joskey's* Love was forc'd soon to comply.

But he, aweladay, false perjur'd Loon,
No sooner had enjoy'd me but was gone;
With scornful Smiles he left me all alone,
Unto the senseless Trees to make my Moan;
For faithless *Joskey's* sake, Ise henceforth sware
Ise never will believe what Loons say mare:
But Ise will gang and wander up and down,
And hide my Head where *Fenny* is not known.

Ah, me! poor silly Wretch, how soon undone!
Thus for one Moment's Joy to lig alone,
Sigh, sob, complain, and with vain Hopes beguile
Sad Time away; but he, false Loon, the while
Braggs o'er his Conquest, is with *Fenny* cloy'd,
And now unkindly slights what he enjoy'd:
Then Lasses never trust, lest you complain,
'Gainst Fate, and sigh, as *Fenny* does in vain.

For Loons have Wiles, poor Lasses to undo,
First to ensnare, then make them buckle too,
With thousand Oaths protest that they adore
Thy Beauty more than any seen before;

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But when the Traitors do their Ends obtain,
What eagerly they courted they'll disdain,
Will with contemptuous Pride insult on her,
That e'er the Knot is ty'd, resigns her Honour.



F I N I S.



I 32 J

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